¶ Here begynneth the Egloges of Alexãder Barclay preest wher of the fyrst thre conteyneth the myseryes of courters & courtes of all prynces in generall/ The matter wherof was translated into Englysshe by the sayd Alexander in fourme of Dialoges/out of a boke named in latin Miserie curialiũ/compyled by Eneas Siluius Poete and oratour/ Whiche after was Pope of Rome/ & named Pius. ¶ Cornix. ¶ Cordon.

Plat. f. H. copy 60332

The famous Poetis with the Muses nyne
With wyt inspyreth/ fresh pregnant & dryuyne
Say boldely indyte/ in style substanciall
Some in poemis/ hye and heroycall
Some them delyteth/ in heuy dragedyes
And some in wanton/ or mery comedyes
Some in satyers/ agayne vyces dar carpe
Some in swete songes/ acordant with the harpe
And eche of these all/ had lawde and excellence
After theyr reason/ and style of eloquence
Who in fayre speche/ cowde breuely comprehende
Most fruytful matter/ men dyd hym most cõmende
And who were fruytles/ and in speche superflue
Men by theyr wrytynge shantly set a qwe
Therfore wyse poetes/ to sharpe & proue theyr wyt
In homely gestes/ wrote many a mery fyt
Before they durst/ be of audacyte
Tauenture thyngys/ of weyght & grauite
In this sayd maner/ the famous Theocryte
Fyrst in Siracuse/ attemptyd for to wryte
Certayne eglogys/ or speches pastorall
Inducynge shepherdes/ men homely and rurall
Whiche in playne langage/ acordynge to theyr name
Had sondry talkynge/ somtyme of myrth & game
Somtyme of thynges/ more lyke to grauyte
And nat exceedynge/ theyr small capacyte
Most noble Virgil/ after hym longe whyle
Wrote also eglogys/ after lyke maner style
His wyttes prouynge/ in matters pastorall
Or he durst venture/ to style heroycall
And in lyke maner/ now lately in our dayes
Hath other poetis/ attemptyd the same wayes
As the most famous/ baptyst mantuan

The best of that sort/ syns poetes fyrst began
And Francysk Petrarke/ also in Italy
In lyke maner style/ wrote playn and merely
What shall I speke of the fader auncyent
Whiche in brefe langage/ bothe playne & eloquent
Bytwene Alathea/ Sewsis stowt and bolde
Hath made rehersall/ of all thy storyes olde
By true hystoryes/ vs techynge to object
Agaynst vayne fables/ of olde gentyles sect
Beside all these/ yet fynde I many mo
Whiche hath employed/ theyr dylygence also
Bytwene shepherdes/ as it were but a fable
To wryte of matters/ bothe true and profytable
But all theyr names/ I purpose nat to wryte
Whiche in this maner/ made bokes infynyte
Nowe to my purpos/ theyr workes worthy fame
Dyd my yonge age/ my hart greatly inflame
Dull slowth eschwynge/ my selfe to exercyse
In suche small matters/ or I durst enterpryse
To hyer matter/ lyke as these chyldren do
Whiche fyrst vse to crepe/ and afterwarde to go
The byrde vnusyd/ fyrst fleynge from her nest
Dare nat aduenture/ and is nat bolde nor prest
With wynges abrode/ to fle as dothe the olde
For vse and custome/ cawseth all thynge be bolde
And lytyll connynge/ by crafte and exercyse
To parfyte science/ cawseth a man to ryse
But or the paynter/ can sute his craft attayne
Moche forward/ fassyon/ transformyth he in vayne
But rasynge superflue/ and addynge/ that dothe want
Rude pycture is made/ bothe parfyte and pleasant
So where I in youth/ a certayne warke began
And nat concluded/ as oft dothe many a man

Yet thought I after/to make the same parfyte
But longe I myssyd/ ẏ whiche I fyrst dyd wryte
But here a wonder/ I fourty yere saue twayne
Procedyd in age/fonde my fyrst youth agayne
To fynde youth in age/is a problem dyffuse
But nowe here the trouth/and than no lenger muse
As I late tournyd/olde bokes to and fro
One lytle tretyse/ I founde amonge the mo
Bycawse that in youth/ I dyd compyle the same
Eglogges of youth/ I callyd it by name
And seynge some men/haue in the same delyte
At theyr great instance/ I made the same parfyte
Addynge and batynge/where I perceyuyd nede
All them desyrynge/ whiche shall this tretyse rede
Nat to be greuyd/with any playne sentence
Rudely conueyed/for lake of eloquence
It were nat syttynge/ a hearde or man rurall
To speke in termes/gay and retorycall
So teacheth Orace/in arteo f poetry
That wryters namely/theyr reason sholde aply
Mete speche aproprynge/to euery parsonage
After his estate/behauour wyt and age
But yf that any wolde/now to me abiect
That this my labour/shall be of small effect
And to the redar/ nat greatly profytable
And by that maner/ as vayne and reprouable
Bycawse it makyth/onely relacyon
Of shepherdes maner/and dysputacyon
Yf any suche rede/ my tretyse to the ende
He shall well perceyue/yf he therto entende
That it contaynyth/bothe lawdes of vertue
And man enformeth mysleuynge to eschue
With dyuers bourdes and sentenches morall

Closyd in shadowe/of spechys pastorall
As many poetys as I haue sayd beforne
Haue vsed longe tyme/before that I was borne
But yf theyr wrytynge/thoughe I insure the rate
No name I chalange/of poete lawreate
That name vnto them/is mete and dothe agre
Whiche wryteth matters with curyosyte
Myn habyte blacke/acordeth nat with grene
Blacke betokened deth/as it is dayly sene
The grene is pleasour/fresshe lust and iolyte
These two in nature/hath great dyuersyte
Than who wolde ascrybe/except he were a fowle
The pleasant lawrer/vnto the mournynge cowle
Another rewarde/abydeth my labour
The gloryous syght/of god my sauyour
Whiche is chefe shepherde/and head of other all
To hym for socour/in this my warke I call
And nat on Clio/nor olde Melpomene
My hope is fixed/of hym ayded to be
And that his mother/the heuynly empres
Shall to good endynge my wyt and pene addres
For to accomplysshe/my purpose and entent
To lawde and pleasonr/of god omnipotent
And to the profyte/the pleasour and the mede
Of all them whiche shall/this tretyse here & rede
But to the redar/now to retourne agayne
Fyrst of this thynge/I wyll thou be certayne
That x. egloggys/this hole treatyse dothe holde
To imitacion of other poetes olde
In whiche egloggys/shepherdes thou mayst se
In homely langage/nat passynge theyr degre
Somtyme dysputynge/of courtly mysery
Somtyme of venus/dysceytfull tyranny

Somtyme cõmendynge/ loue/ honest and laudable
Somtyme despysynge/ loue fals dyscreuable
Somtyme dyspysynge/ and blamynge auarice
Somtyme excytynge/ vertue to exercyse
Somtyme of warre/ abhorrynge the outrage
And of the same tyme/ the manyfolde damage
And other matters/ as after shall apere
To theyr great pleasure whiche shall them rede or (here.

¶ The prologe of the fyrst eglogue:

Two symple shepherdys/ met on a certayne day
The one wele agyd/ with lockers hore & gray
Whiche after labours/ and worldly besynes
Concludyd to lyue/ in rest and quietnes
Yet nought had he kepte/ to fynde hym clothe nor fode
At dyuers holys/ his heart grewe through his hode
A styffe patchyd felt/ hangynge ouer his eyen
His costly clothynge/ was thredbare kendall grene
His patchyd Cockers/ skant retchyd to his kne
In the syde of his felt/ there stacke a spone of tre
A botell/ his cote/ on the one syde had torne
For hangynge/ there ere was nere in sonder worne
In his one hand alway/ his pype he bare
Wherof the sounde/ releasyd of his care
His wallet with breade and chese/ so than he stode
A hoke in his hande/ in myddes of all his good
Saue that he: boastyd/ to haue experience
Of worldly thynges/ by practyse and science
Hym selfe he callyd/ Colyn/ by his name

The other shepherde / was lyke vnto the same
Saue only that he / had lyued all his dayes
In keppynge his folke / and sene no farther wayes
yet was he to fyght / a stout and lusty freake
And as he bosted / he bozne was in the peake
Cozidon by name / his neyghbours dyd hym call
Hymselfe counted / the stoutest of them all
This Cozidon swoze / and sayd to Coznix sure
That he no longar / wolde there that lyfe indure
In wzetchyd labour / and styll in pouerte
But to the Cyte / he sayd that go wolde he
Oz els to the court / and there with some abyde
Tyll tyme that foztune / wolde better lyfe pzouyde
By whiche mocyon / Coznix shewith playnly
Of court and courtes / the care and mysery.

¶ The fyzst Eglogge of the mysteryes and maners of the court & courtes The shepherdys Interloquutours / oz cõmenners in ỹ same Eglogge be Cozidon and Coznix.

¶ Cozidon fyzst speketh.

AOzsouth frend Coznix / nought can my hart make lyght
Whan I remembze / the stozmes of yester nyght
The thunder / & lyghtenynge / ỹ tempest and the hayle
Hath playnly wasted / our pzofyte and auayle
The ferfull thunder / with greuous clap and sounde
Our cozne hath betyn / downe flat vnto ỹ grounde
With tempest after / and violence of rayne

That it as I doubt/ shall neuer ryse agayne
The hayle hath betyn/ our shepe within the folde
That all be febled/ as well the yonge as olde
Our mylke is tournyd/ and wared pale and soure
The stormе and tempest/ vpon our cowches powre
Our flocke and feldes/ is all our hole ryche
Whiche styll is subiect/ to suche vnhappynes
For after that we/ haue done bothe cost and payne
One sodden tempest/ destroyeth all agayne
Than farwele welfare/ wors chaũce we nede nat fere
Saue only to sowke/ our clawes with the bere
The Cytezins haue great tresour sykerly
In cofers closed/ auoyde of Jeopardy
Theyr coynes cowched faste vnder locke and key
From place to place/ they may the same conuey
Whan they of the theuys/ perceyue the dyn and sounde
But styl must our corne remayne vpon the grounde
Abydynge stormys/ hayle/ thunder and tempest
Tyll that it be for sykyll rype and prest
As for theyr ryches no thunder/ frost nor hayle
No stormе nor tempest/ can hurt or dysauayle
Suche carefull chanches/ and suche aduersyte
Vs alwaye kepeth in wretched pouerte

Cornut answereth.

O Corydon my mate/ I swere so haue I blys
Thou playnly spekest/ lyke as the matter is
But as for my parte/ my mynde and wyt is blynde
To knowe who gydeth all wether/ stormе & wynde
But this thynge I knowe/ but yet not perfytely
yet bolde dare I be to speke to the playnly
For yf that I spake it/ in some audience
Some men wolde malygne/ and take it for offence
yf god (as men say) doth heuyn and erthe sustayne

Than why doth nat he/ regarde our dayly payne
Our greuous labour/ he iustly myght deuyd
And for vs wretches/ some better lyfe prouyd
Some nought dothe labour/ and lyueth pleasantly
Though all his reason to vices he apply
But se with what sweat/ what besynes and payne
Our symple lyuynge/ we labour to optayne
Beholde what yllys the shepherdes must endure
For flocke and how sholde/ bare lyuynge to procure
In feruent heat/ we must intende our folde
And in the wynter almost we fresse for colde
Upon the harde grounde/ or on the flyntys browne
We scape/ whan other lay on a bed of downe
A thousande yllys of daunger and sykenesse
With dyuers sores/ our beastes dothe oppresse
A thousande perys/ and mo yf they were tolde
Dayly and nyghtly inuadeth our poze folde
Somtyme the wolfe/ our bestys doth deuour
And somtyme the thefe awayteth for his hour
Or ellys ỹ loudyour/ moche wose thã wolfe or thefe
Agaynst all our flocke/ intragyth with myschefe
Se how my handes/ are with many a gall
And styfe as a borde by warke contynuall
My face all scorfy/ my colour pale and wan
My hed all parched/ and blacke as any pan
My berde lyke bzystys/ so that a plyant leke
With a lytel myght may thrust me thorow ỹ cheke
And as a stokfysshe wrynkeled is my skyn
Suche is the profyt/ whyche ỹ by labour wyn
But this my labour sholde greue me moche ỹ lesse
yf rest or pleasure come of my besynesse
But one sodayn storme of thunder hayle or rayne
Agayne all wastyth/ wherfore I toke this payne

This is the rewarde/ the dede/ and warke deuyne
Unto whose awters poze shepherdes inclyne
To offer tapers/ and candels we are fayne
And foz our offrynge/ lo/ this haue we agayne
I cannot declare/ what pyte/ and mercy
Wzappeth vs wzetches/ in this hard mysery
But this wote I well/ it is bothe ryght and mede
There most to socoure/ where dothe apere most nede

Cozidon.

Ho there frende Cozmir/ thou wadest now to farre
Thy selfe forgettynge/ thou lepest ouer the barre
Small is my knowlege/ thou many a thynge hast sene
yet out of the way/ forsothe I se the clene
The kynge of heuyn/ is mercyfull and iust
And them all helpeth whiche put in hym theyr trust
Whan we deserue/ he stryketh nat alway
This in the pulpete/ hard I syr Peter say
yet oft he stryketh/ whan man is obstynate
And by no meanes/ wyll his myspuynge hate
So all these plages/ and inconuenyence
Fals on vs wzetches/ only foz our offence

Cozmir.

Foz what offences/ thou arte made so to say
Where we of ỹ sorte/ whiche dyd our lozde betray
Oz that consentyd/ our lozde to crucyfy
We neuer were suche/ thyselfe can testyfy.

Cozidon.

Now trust me surely/ though ỹ be neuer so wzouth
I nought shall abasshe to the to say the trouth
Thought we shepherdes be out of company
Without occasyon/ we lyue onhappely
Seke well amonge vs and playnely thou shalt se
Thefe/ brawlynge/ malyce dyscozde/ iniquite

wrathe/ lechery/ lesynge/ enuy/ and couetyse
And brefely to speke truely we want no vice

Cornix.

What nay man parde/ all we do nat offence
yet all haue sorowe/ without all difference
Say nought mā but trouth/ do god nothynge deserue
without difference/ yet be all lyke to sterue

Corydon.

What ceasse man for shame/ thou arte of reason scant
The wyse/ nowe must lerne/ wyt of the ignorant
I haue no knowlege/ saue only of my tarte
yet this I perceyue/ man sholde nat seke to farre
In goddes werkes/ he all dothe for the best
yf thou fyndest here no esement weithne rest
What than/ seke ferther for playnly so shall I
In some place fortune beholdeth merely
I byde no lenger by sayntThomas of kent
In suche bare places/ wherfore euery day is lent
The freers haue story in some day of the weke
But euery day our mete is for to seke
I nought haue to bye/ begge can I nat for shame
Except that I were blynde/ impotent or lame
yf suche a gadlynge/ as I sholde begge or craue
Of me suche mercy/ and pyte wolde men haue
That they for almes(I swere by goddys sockys)
In euery towne wolde make me scoure the stockes
That can one Drome/ by many a slayes tell
What that yll seyence/ I purpose nat to mell
Here no thynge I haue wherfore I nede to care
Now Cornix a dieue streyght forward wyl I fare

Cornix.

Streyght forwarde man/ ley Benedicite
All other people haue as great care as we

Only bare nede / is all our payne and wo
But these towne dwellers haue many paynes mo
Our payne is plaesure nere / incomparyson
Of theyr great yiles and sore veracyon
Of all suche thynges haue I experyence
Than mayst thou surely geue to me credence
Whether wylt thou go / to lyue more quietly
Man / all the worlde is full of mysery.

Corydon.

What man / the court is fresshe and full of eas
I can drawe a bowe / I shal some lorde there pleas
Thy selfe can reporte / how I can bryddys kyll
Myn arowe toucheth of them nothynge but the byl
I hurte no fleshe / nor bruse no parte at all
Were nat my shotynge our lyuynge were but small
Lo here a sparowe / lo here be thrusshes four
All these I kylled / this day within an hour
I can daunce the raye / I can bothe pype and synge
If I were mery / I can bothe hurle and slynge
I rone / I wrastell / and can wele throwe the bare
No shepherde throweth the axeltre so farre
If I were mery / I coude well lepe and sprynge
I were a man mete / to serue a prynce or kynge
Wherfore to the court / now wyll I get me playne
Adewswete Cornix / fare well yet onys agayne
Prouyde for thy selfe lo shall I do for me.

Cornix.

Do way Corydon / for goddys loue let be
Nought ellys is the court / but euyn the deuyls mowth
And place most careful of east / west / north & sowth
For thy longe seruyce / there nede shall be thy hyre
Out of the water thou lepest in to the fyre
We lyue inforowe / I wyll it nat deny

But in the court is the well of mysery.

¶ Coridon.

¶ What man thou seest/and in lyke wyse se I
That lusty courters/go alway Iolely
They haue no labour/yet at they well besene
Bardyd and garded in pleasaunt whyte and grene
They do nought els/but reuell slepe and drynke
But on his foldys/the pore shepherde must thynke
They rest/we labour/they gayly decked be
Whyle we go ragged by nede and pouerte
Theyr colour lusty/they byde no storme nor shours
¶ They haue ẏ pleasours/but al they payne is ours
They haue all thynges/but we wretches haue nought
They singe they daũce whyle we sore syght for thou
But what bryngeth thẽ to this prosperyte (ght
Strength/cowrage/frendys/craft and audacyte
yf I had frendys/I haue all thynge besyde
Whiche myght in court/a rowme for me prouyde
But syth courters haue this lyfe contynually
They haue all pleasour/and nought of mysery.

¶ Cornix.

¶ Nat so Coridon/oft vnder yalowe lockes
Be hyd fowle scabbes/and ferefull frenche pockes
Theyr reuyld shyrtes/of clothe/whyte/softe/& thyn
Oft tymes cloketh/a fowle and scurfy skyn
And where we labour/in warkes profytable
They labour sorer in warke abhomynable
They may haue shame to Iet so vp and downe
Whan they be dettours/for doublet house & gowne
And in the tauerne/remayne they last for lag
Whan neuer a crosse/is in theyr courtly bag
They crake/they boste/and vaunt as they were wood
And moste whan they syt/in myddis of others good

Nought haue they wretches saue care and mysery
Who hath it proued all courtynge shall defy.
Cozidon.
Mary syr by this / I se experyence
That thou in the courte / hath kepte some residence
Cozmir.
Remembrynge of court they payne contynuall
I thynke these paynes / but easy / short and small
So the remembraunce / of greuous care and payne
Causeth me gladly this hardenes to sustayne
Who that hath lyued in court I the assure
In stede of pleasour may this our lyfe endure
Our nede is cased with pleasaunt liberte
Ther care is heppyd with harde captiuite
I thought our lyuynge care and veracion
Before (of the court) or thou made mencyon
Cozidon.
Yf the court be suche as thou dost playnly tell
I thynke it foly with it to deale or mell
Better is frewyll / with nede and pouerte
Than nede in the court / with harde captyuyte
But tell me Cozmir / I pray the instantly
How knowest thou fyrst this gere so perfytly
Cozmir.
Whyle I in youth in Croidon towne dyd dwell
Often to the court I coolys brought to sell
And than I lerned and noted parfytly
Of court and courters the care and mysery
For I lurked and none regarded me
Tyll I had knowlege / of hye and lowe degre
What was theyr maner / behauour and vsage
The more I trayed / more lawe I of outrage
Cozidon.

¶ Than farwell courtynge / I se thou countest best
Here to remayne / in symple welth and rest
But in meane season / I pray the hartely
Declare me all hole / the courtly mysery
Beholde our wethers ley chewynge of the cud
Here is no peryll / of water dyke nor mud
Slowth loueth slombrynge moche slepe is reprouable
But mery talkynge is greatly confortable
Here is colde shadow / here is a clere fontayne
Whan wordes greueth / drynke and begyne agayne
For longe tyme passed / I haue herde of thy lore
Whiche thynge me moueth / to here ẏ talke the more
Begyn and shewe me / the courtes wretchydnes
So I parchaunce / shall sett therby the les
And where longe talkynge / oft greueth many a man
I shall the furnysshe / with wordes now and than
What say on Cornix why art thou now so styll
Thy wyt and reason was ont to be at wyll

¶ Cornix answered.

¶ Fayne wolde I comon / for plesure and pastyme
But trouth is cōmitted / most greuoꝰ faut or cryme
And some might me here / which by theyr wordes sowr
Myght brynge me in court / in greuous dysplesour
Because I shall proue all thē whiche court dothe haūt
Myserable folys / mad men and ignoraunt
Therfore Coridon / amonge the bowys prye
ꝑf there lurke any Jay / sterlynge / thrusshe / or pye
To note my wordes / and that them forthe agayne
Wherby I myght wyn dyspesour losse or payne

¶ Coridon.

¶ Losse / goddys domynus to lose (thou hast no good
Saue hoke and cokers / thy botell and thy hood
Thy hode all ragged / can kepe no body drye

Many haue as good/though none can them espye
He hath small reason/that hath a hode more tyne
And wolde for malyce/herby the here of thyne
As for displeasour/I warant the also
Thou shalt for prynces/grete eas and pleasour do
For many vpon them/do dayly craue and call
To be in seruyce/whiche are nat mete at all
To be in the court/they labour so gladly
By cause they knowe nat/therof the mystery
Whome to receyue/it is nat profytable
And to dysppyse them/it is nat honorable
If thou suche constrayne to leue/of theyr owne mynde
Thou doest to pryncys/a very pleasour kynde
And other foles/shall take thy tale in sporte
And neuer the lesse/shall to the court resorte
Than let nat Cornir/playnly to say the troth
Let scabbyd clawe/and gyly men be wroth
Better is for truoth/suffer paynys harde
Than for false flatterynge/to haue a great rewarde

Cornir.

Thou sayst but reason/I lawde the by saynt Johā
Than boldly demaunde/I pray the Corydon
Of suche matters/as to the court belonge
And I shall answer/dene yf it be wronge
That I haue lernyd/by practyse and seyens
I shall as I may/gyue the intellygence.

Corydon.

The court as thou sayst/is fals and dysceyuable
Than tell me wherfore/that men moost honorable
Ther in remaynynge/abydyth care and payne
And yet by theyr wyll/ they wyll nat forth agayne

Cornir.

Many thynges be/whiche monyth people blynde

To ren to the court/with feruent hart and mynde
But of all thynges/this specyally is one
The hope of honour/callyd ambycyon
Ryght so Mynalcas dyd/luſt of honour call
And as he comyttyd/Ambycyon is egall
Unto that vertue/whiche men call charyte
Charyte ſuffceth/all hard aduerſyte
All payne and labour/and all veracyon
Indeuyn as moche/ſuffreth Ambycyon
For worldly wretches/in honour to excell
Force nat to labour/downe to the pyt of hell
Lo here chefe cauſe/why men to court reſorte
But onys in the court/whan they haue had cõforte
Suche is of mankynde/the blynde calampte
That in one ſtate/yf they longe tyme haue be
A lyfe there lyuynge/but vyle and full of ſhame
yet by no maner/can they dyſpyſe the ſame
So who that in youth/hath vſed courtes rage
They fynde no maner/to leue the ſame in age
And to wyn lawdes/and prayſe of the comonte
In no harde labour/thynke they dyfficulte
But yf men huntyd for folys and hye glory
As they hunt dayly for honour tranſitory
Ryght fewe or none/wolde to the court apply
Therto be tangled/with care and myſery
But vnto the court/yf thou haſt thyne entent
Bycauſe Prelatys/and wyſe men it frequent
Here what the ſhepherde/of Nazareth doth ſay
As I harde Fauſtus/declare vpon a day
Upon they hye chayre/and ſeat of moyſes
Sat the olde ſcrybes/and ſect of pharyſes
Lyue as they teche/but lyue nat as they do
And thus in the court/man muſt behaue hym ſo

His lyfe refourmynge/lyke as suche ought to lyue
Nat by exãple/whiche they to other gyfe.
¶ Corydon.
¶ These be hye matters/and far beyonde my wyt
If suche be the court/ what man wolde mel with it
yet I assuer the/before this I haue sene
That worthy shepherdys lõge in ỹ court haue bene
¶ Cornix.
¶ All that I graunt the/but aske and thou shalt fynde
That suche in the court/aboyde agayn theyr mynde
As the ryche shepherde/whiche wonid in mortlake
¶ Corydon.
¶ O Cornix cornix/fele how my hart doth quake
On hym what I thynke my harte is full of payne
Wolde god that we coude get hym to lyue agayne
What tyme he lyued/some blamed hym ywys
Whiche syns he dyd/doth hym sore lacke and mys
He passyd Codrus/he passyd Mynalcas
He passyd Mopsus/and also Lysydas
None other shepherde myght wt that man compare
In durynge his lyfe/we nedyd nat to care
But euer syth tyme that he was dead and gone
We suffer wronges defender haue we none
He was the patron of thynges pastoral
His face and fauour/forget I neuer shall
Whyle I was yonger he came by our cotage
Than was my father/Amyntans/far in age
But the same shepherde/gaue hym bothe clothe & golde
O Cornix the yonge be moche vnlyke the olde.
¶ Cornix.
¶ Lyes/syns his dayes/a cocke was in the fen
I knowe his voyce amonge a thousand men
He taught/he preched/he mendyd euery wronge

But Corydon/alas/no good thynge bydeth longe
He all was a cocke/he wakened vs from slepe
And whyle we slumberyd/he dyd our foldys kepe
No cur/no fores/nor butchers doggys wood
Coude hurte our foldys/his wachynge was so good
The hungry wolues whiche that tyme dyd abounde
What tyme he crowed/abasshed at the sounde
This cocke was no more/abasshed of the fore
Than is a lyon/abasshed of an ore
Whan he went/faded the floure of all the fen
I boldly dare swere/this cocke trode neuer hen
This was a fader/of thynges pastoral
And that well sheweth his churche Cathedrall
There was I lately/about the mydes of may
Corydon/his churche/is twenty sythe more gay
Than all the churches/betwene the same & kent
There sawe I his towmbe/and chapell excellent
I thought fyue houres/but euyn a lytell whyle
Saynt Johñ ỹ virgin me thought dyd on me smyle
Our paryssh churche/is but a dongyon
To that gay churche/to make comparyson
If the people were as pleasant as the place
Then were it paradyse/of pleasour and solace
Than myght I truly/tyght well fynde in my hart
There styll to abyde/and neuer to departe
But sins that this cocke/by deth hath left his songe
Trust me Corydon/there many a thynge is wronge
Whan I sawe his fygure/lay in the chapell syde
Lyke deth for wepynge/I myght no lenger byde
Lo/all good thynges/to sone away doth glyde
That no man lyketh/to longe doth rest and abyde
Whan the good is gone/my mate this is the case
Seldom the better reentreth in the place.

Corydon.

Thou sayst trowth Cornix/ I make to goda bowe
But ay mate Cornix/ se where be we nowe
Far from the matter/ where as we fyrst began
Begyn where we left/ I pray the yf thou can

Cornix.

That shall I lyghtly/ thou saydest that a sorte
Of good olde shepherdes dyd to the court resorte
But suche as be good/ be there agayne theyr wyll
For truly in court/ they fynde lelle good than yll
To se moche amys/ to them it is great payne
Whā for theyr wordes/ none wyl his vyce refrayne
Then get they but scorne/ and indygnacyon
And for theyr good myndes/ payne and veracyon:

Corydon.

I pray the Cornix/ procede/ tell by and by

Cornix.) Of court & courtes ꝑ payn & mysery.

That were a longe matter and very harde to do

Corydon.

This is best remedy/ take longer tyme therto
Here is gay shadowe/ here is a pleasant coole
Take banke and flowres/ for cussheu and for stole

Cornix.

Than lay downe thy hoke/ gyue me that botell nere
With often washyng the throte and voyce is clere

Corydon.

Lo here the botell/ drynke suche as is therin
Drynke better/ & than in the name of god/ begyn

Cornix.

A syr/ well drawen/ and that with lytell payne
Than turne we our speche/ nowe to ꝑ court agayne
Who wyll to the court/ fyrst let hym thynke before
Whether he may suffer labour and paynes sore

Bothe hunger and thyrst/iniury and wronge
For these shall he/fynde the rude courters amonge
And more after these/yet let hym thynke agayne
Whether in the court/he may that thynge optayne
Whiche he desyreth/me thynketh the contrary
Men wolde fynde honour/there fynde they mysery
Thus all be folys/whyche wyllyngly there dwell
Cornidon/the court is the baytynge place of hell

¶ Cornidon.

¶ That is hardly sayd man/by the rode of rest

¶ Cornix.

¶ I graunt it is harde/but to say trouth is best
But yet shall I proue/my saynge verytable
Auert my wordes/se yf I be culpable
Unto our purpose/by dyuers wayes thre
Men may be folys/I shall them count to the
They all be folys whiche set theyr thought & mynde
That thyng for to seke which they shal neuer fynde
And they be foles/whiche seke thynge with delyte
Whiche yf they fynde/is harme and no profyte
And he is a fole/a sot and a geke also
Whiche choseth a place/vnto the same to go
And where dyuers wayes/lead thether dyrectly
He chosed the worst/and moost of Ieopardy
As yf dyuers wayes/lay vnto Islyngton
To stowe on the wolde/quaueneth or trompyngtō
To douer dyrham/to barwyke or exester
To grantham/totnes bristowe or godmanchester
To roan parys/to lyon or florance

¶ Cornidon.

¶ What hoo man/abyde/what all redy in france
Lo a fayre iourney/and shortly endyd to
With all these townes/what thynge haue we to do

¶ Cornix.

¶By god/man knowe thou that I haue had to do
In all these townes/and yet in many mo
To se the worlde/in youth me thought was best
And after in age/to gyue myselfe to rest
¶Corydon.
¶Thou myght haue brought one/& set by our billage
¶Cornix.
¶What man/I myght nat for lacke of carryage
To cary my owne selfe/was all that euer I myght
And somtyme for eas/my sachell made I lyght
¶Corydon.
¶To our fyrst matter/we better must intende
Els in a twelue month/we shant shal make an ende
¶Cornix.
¶True sayd Corydon/that can I nat denay
But thyn owne selfe/dyd lead me from the way
Unto these townes/nowe to retourne agayne
To any of them all/yf there lay wayes twayne
The one sure and short/and ledynge dyrectly
The other wey longer and full of Jeopardy
That fole were worthy a babyll and a hode
Which wolde chose ỹ worst perceyuyng wel ỹ good
One of these folyes/or all oppresse that sort
Whiche nat constrayned/doth to the court resort
Other that they serche/whiche they may nat attayne
Or ỹ/whiche gottynge/shal do them hurte & payne
Or of two wayes/they vse to leue the best
For on no godnes/doth theyr desyres rest
¶Corydon.
¶What is the desyre/and purpos pryncypall
Chefely frequented/amonge these courters all
And for what rewarde/take they suche besynes
¶Cornix.

¶ Of that cowde Codrus/the trouth to expres
And I shall tell the/as true as the gospell
After lyke maner/as I herd Codrus tell
Who that remayne/by kynge or princes lyde
Endure great paynes/fyue thynges to prouyde
Who that in court/may one of them purchace
Thynketh to haue won/a pleasant gyft to grace
The fyrst is honour I tolde the of this same
The seconde is lawde/hye name or worldly fame
The thyrde is power/myght or aucthorryte
The fourth is ryches/cheke rote of dygnyte
The fyrst is pleasour/lust and voluptuousnes
Fore these/do men sewe vnto the court doutles
Beyde these be some/but they be sawyn thyn
Resortynge to court/there sowles for to wyn
So moche more/meryte/supposynge to optayne
How moche more they byde/of dyspleasour & payne
Of these all/shall be my communication

¶ Corydon.

¶ Nowe speke an Cornix/with goddes benyson.

¶ Cornix.

¶ All these shall I proue/by playne experyence
Nat onely wytles/and voyd of sapience
But also folys/men ignorant and wode
And of all foplys/moost worthy of a hode
But or I begyne I take the to wytnes
That no prynce/I blame deiytynge in godnes
But onely to speke/by protestacion
To say nought/but trouth/is no detraction
Agaynst our souerayne/no thynge do I reply
In whome all vertue/doth spreng abundantly
And other princis/and lordes great or small
Whyle they fle vyces/I blame none of them all

And though in talkynge/oftymes call I must
Some pryncys subiect/to foly syn and lust
I wolde nat haue/that astrybyd to them all
I am nat so fonde/so dull nor rustycall
But that I perceyue/that many pryncys be
whose lyfe and vertue/is after theyr degre
With fere of god/and drede of payne dowtles
They slake those vicys whiche rysyth on nobles
And where oft vicys/spryngе moste in hye degre
By men of ryches/wylth/lust and lyberte
By cause that no man dare blame them for offence,
yet some noble men/so gyde them by prudence
Namely assysted/by the supernall grace
So that wyt ruleth/and lustes haue no place
Amonge gentyles/suche prynces fynde I can
As Augustus/Titus/and eke Vaspasian
Traian/Antonius/with many other mo
And Crysten pryncys many one also
As rych Constantyne/and olde Archadius
Theodocius/Charels/and Honorius
ye and holy Henry/lyenge at wyndesore
Of suche coude I count/mo than a twenty score
Besyde noble Henry/whiche now departed late
Spectacle of vertue/to euery hye estate
The patrone of peas/and prymate of prudence
whiche on goddis churche hath done so great expēce
Of all these pryncys the mercy and pyte
The loue of concorde/iustyce and equite
The purenes of lyf/and gyftes lyberall
Not all these vertues of the sayd pryncys all
And Henry the eyght most hye and tryumphant
No gyft of vertu/nor manlynes dothe want

Myn humble speche/and langage pastoral
If it were able/sholde wryte his actes all
But whyle I ought speke/of courtly mystery
Hym with all suche/except I vtterly
But what other pryncys comonly frequent
As true as I can to shewe is myn entent
But yf I sholde say/that all the mystery
Whiche I shall after rehers and specyfy
Were in the court/of our most noble kynge
I sholde fayle trouth/and playnly make leasynge
And yf that I sayd that in it were no vyce
So sholde I lye/in ryght lyke maner wyse
As for my part/I blame no man at all
Same suche/as to vyce/be subget bound & thrall
For amonge all men/this wyse standeth the case
That more yll thã good doth growe in euery place

Corydon.

Ryght well excusyth/I thought nat erst sythene
That symple Cornix had halfe this subtylte
But now apereth/the very trouth certayne
That men of wourshyp/haue nat best wyt & brayne
Now tell how courters/whiche gapeth for honour
In stede of honour/fynde paynes sharpe and sour

Cornix.

All they whiche suffer in court labour & payne
Ther by suppolyge/true honoure to optayne
At moche abusyth/my wordes nor doctryne
Be moche vnable/to gyue them medycyne
For Elebor the olde/with all his salues pure
Theyr wylfull foly/coude scantly helpe and cure
What man wolde thynke/that trowe honour profunde
In pryncys halles/or courtes may be founde

There none hath honour/ by vertue and connynge
By maners/ wyldom/ sadnes/ nor good lyuynge
But who hath power/ hye rowmes or ryches
He hath moost honour and lawde/ of more and lesse
For what pore man a playne and symple sowle
Though he were holy/ as euery was saynt Powle
Hast thou euer sene exalted of a kynge
For all his maners and vertuous lyuynge
These be the wordes of shepherde Siluius
Whiche after was pope/ and called was Pius

Corydon.

What yes man parde/ tyght many haue men sene
Which in pore houses borne & brought vp hath bene
That from lowe rowmes and carefull pouerte
Be now exalted to greatest dygnyte

Cornix.

Suche is the pleasour of pryncys/ to promote
Suche vnto honour/ whiche scant be worth a grote
But whom promote they/ gyue credence vnto me
Suche as in maners/ to them moost lykest be
And in what maners/ in beestely lechery
In couetyse/ Ire/ or in vyle glotony
In hasty murder/ and other cruelte
Beleue my Corydon I say but veryte
A couetous pryncе/ hath hym moost acceptable
Whiche gathereth/ coyn/ by meanys dysceyuable
As fals accusynge/ and wronge extorcyon
Sellynge of iustyce/ frawde/ and oppressyon
A lecherous pryncе/ hath hym best in concept
Whiche can by craftes his place & tyme best in weyt
Virgyns and wyues moost fayre and amyable
To bryngе to his bed/ for lust abhomynable

And a dronken prynce hath hym as derest mate
Whiche moost can lurket/moost reuel & drynke late
And vnto a prynce/whiche loueth cruelte
Chefly in fauour/and concept is he
Whiche moost delyteth/in shedynge mānys bloode
Fewe vicyous prynces promote suche as be goode
Nowe is accepted of men of hye degre
Nor set in honour from humble pouerte
Except he hath done/some dede so great of fame
That all the worlde may wonder at the same
But this same honour is nether true nor stable
Whiche growyth of rote/so yll and detestable
For veray honour and true or parfyt glory
Comyth of actes/of lawdable memory
In supportacyon/of ryght and equyte
Or in defendynge/the churche and cōmonte
Or other actes/cōmon or pryuate
Whiche soūde to wourshyp these make a true estate
But suche true honour/fewe princes do deserue
And no more do they/whiche in the court them serue
Syth all almoost/be of mysgouernaunce
For no good do they/except it be by chaunce

Cordon.

Cyet at the leste way suche men reputed be
Men of great honour/amonge the cōmonte
For whyle suche walke/in court or in strete
Eche man inclynyth/whiche them doth se or mete
Of gothe the bonet/a becke at euery worde
Eche man must nedys/gyue place vnto my lorde
After his degre/byrth/or promocyon
Suche of the comons/haue salutacyon
And shortly to say/men do them more honour.

Than to the fygure/of Chryste our sauyour

Cornir.

It is as thou sayst/forsothe my Corydon
But harke what they say/at last whan men be gone
Than they salute them/in the deuyls name
And pray vnto god that they may dye with shame
And so doth many by tourment and dolour
Whan fykell fourtune/lyketh on them to lour
But suche as dothe stoupe to them before theyr face
Gyueth them a mocke whan they be out of place
And one dothe whysper/soft in others ere
And sayth thys tyran/is feller than a bere

Corydon.

Why and fere they no more for to saye thus

Cornir.

No/but harke mā what sayth ỹ good pope Siluius
Lo this same is he/whiche by his bad councell
Causeth our prynce to be to vs to fell
This same is he/whiche rayseth dime and tar
This same is he/whiche strayned men on rackes
This same is he/whiche causeth all this war
This same is he/whiche al our welth doth mar
This is of comons/the veray dedly mall
Whiche with these charges/thus doth oppres vs al
Who hym displeaseth/he beth all to dust
This same is he/whiche kyllyth whom hym lust
That all the deuyls/of hell/hym hence carry
That we no lenger/endure his tyranny
This is the honour/and al the reuerence
Seuyn vnto them/whā they be from presence
But in suche honour/who euer hath delyte
Whiche is frawdefull/so faynt and vnparfyte

I am nat a ferde to call hym made and blynde
And a very fole/ or els a sot of kynde
¶ Coridon.
¶ Cornix my frende/ thou spekest now to playne
I fere lest this gere shall tourne vs vnto payne
If any man be nere/ be styll a whyle and harke
¶ Cornix.
¶ I fere nat at all/ now I am set on warke
Besyde this Coridon/ in court moost part doth dwell
Flaterers and lyers/ Coryers of fafell
Juggelers and dezers/ and suche a schamfull rable
Whiche for a dynner lawd men no thynge laudable
But men cyrcumspect/ whice be dyscrete and wyse
Doth suche vayne lawdes/ vterly despyse
For truely no lawde/ is named good nor true
Except it procede of men whiche loue vertue
A rybawdus blame/ is commendacyon
Suche vse to slaunder/ good conuersacyon
But suche they commende/ as be to them semblable
So theyr dyspraysynge to the is profytable
¶ Coridon.
¶ Nowe truly my hart is easyd with the same
For godfray gormand lately dyd me blame
And as for hymselfe/ thoughe he be gay and stowt
He hath nought/ but foly within & eke without
To blowe in a bowle/ and for to pyll a platter
To gyrne/ to brawle/ to counterfayt/ to flatter
He hath no felawe/ bytwene this & croydown
Saue the prowd plowmā/ gnato of chorlyngtown
By cause he alway malygnyth agayne me
It playne apereth/ our lyfe doth nat agre
For yf we lyuyd/ bothe after one rate

Than sholde I haue hym to me afrendly mate
But Cornix/procede/tell forth of dygnyte

Cornix.

Often in my tale/I hyndryd am by the
Suche as for honour vnto the court resort
Loke seldom tymes/vpon the lower sort
To the hyer iort/for moost parte they intende
For styll theyr desyre is hyer to ascende
And whan none can make with them comparyson
Agayne thyr prynces cõspyre they by treason
Than whan theyr purpos can nat come well to frame
Agayne they dyscende/and that with vtter shame
Corydon thou knowest ryght well what I mene
We lately of this experience haue sene
Whan men wolde ascende to rowmys honorable
Euer is theyr mynde and lust insaciable
What euer they haue/they cownt the same but small
Whyle ought is greatter/nought cã thẽ pleas but al
And onys in Cambrydge I hard a scoler say
One of the same/whiche go in copis gay
That no man sholde fyr/ende of felicite
In wordly honour/hyr rowme or dignite
For it is a thynge/in certayne and vnstable
Whiche man of hym selfe/to puruay is not able
In another power this honour alway is
Who moost it seketh/of it doth often mys
And who that scruyth/for honour and hyr name
And in this worlde to get hym noble fame
Moche payne abydyth through cares and dystres
And with many men he hath moche besynes
And oft must he rather/the mynde of men content
Than do the pleasour of god omnipotent

Than syth two honours of dyuers sortys be
One whiche is gyuyn of men of honeste
The seconde honoure is of a multytude
For veray trouth that man of wyt is rude
Whiche huntyth in court for the fyrst honour
The same to purchace/by care & grete labour
As fortune honour/no man can there optayne
Where neyther maners nor vertues doth rayne
The seconde honour is of comonte
Who that requyreth/yet more folysshe is he
For he demaundyth/a thynge ryght perylous
Uniure vnstable/and also vicious
But bothe these sortys alway be veryd sore
Whan they in honour/se many them before
And often tymes/suche as moost vnworthy be
For in court seldom is lawdyd honeste
Thus who of honour/and lawd is couetous
Unto hym the court is moost contraryous
And no where he fyndyth greatter veracyon
Than folowynge the court suynge ambycyon
For who wolde ascende/to honour pryncypall
Fyndyth in the court/most care & payne of all

Corydon.

We haue ynoughe/had of comunycacyon
As touchynge honour/and commendacyon
Or worldly prayesynge/for rowmys & hye name
And though more/myght be declared of the same
What leue some my mate/for other on to brall
It were ouer moche for vs to talke of all.
Now talke we of myght or hye auctorite
How men for the same/loue in the court to be
Spede the/for clowdys apere on euery syde

If any storme fall/we can nat longer abyde

¶ Cornix.

¶ As towchynge power/myght or auctoryte
Some thynge in the court in fauour great to be
To be with pryncys of power excellent
Some folys countyth a thynge preeminent
Or that men sholde hym a kyngys tutour call
Moche to comaunde/but nought to do at all
Bothe peas and batayle/to order at his wyll
To be of power/bothe to do good and yll
But many a thousãde/which haue suche power sought
Hath ben dysceyued and shortly come to nought
As with one Nero namyd Elawdus
In so great fauour was one Seianus
That whyle this Nero was far from his empyre
Seianus rulyd the same at his desyre
So moche that Seian had honour than in dede
As of all the worlde countyd the seconde hede
That yf this Nero had dyed or his houre
This Seian/truly sholde haue ben emperoure
But by one letter he after takyn was
In vtter dyshonour deposyd from his place
Led for a spectacle streyght vnto Tyber bancke
And there behedyd suche was his mede & thanke
All his ymagys/in his honour erecte
Where with great malyce downe to ẏ groũd deiecte
Thus all his power endyd with care & shame
Who that hath wysdom/wyll note & marke ẏ same
It is no matter/nor thynge of certaynte
With myghty prynces of great power to be
No state is febler more wayke and incertayne
Than suche as semyth great with his soueraynе

He hath enuyous/malygners/and yll wyll
All out of fauour/adiugeth hym for yll
And all the householde doth comoly hym hate
Which with the mayster/is seruant & nere mate
And this in the worlde is sene mooste comonly
That all hye rowmes be subiect to enuy
Suche of all other/be hatyd and suspect
If the ought offende/it lyghtly is detect
And from all defence yf they be clere & quyte
Than lye they in wayte/them sharply to bacbyte
Some for them study/frawdys dysceyt & gyle
And taleberers walke and greue them other whyle
And lyke as they eye is greuyd with a mote
So prynces fauour/though it be neuer so hote
Is lyghtly greuyd/and that for small offence
Thought it were gotten/with playnfull dylygence
And oft is it lost for none offence at all
So moche with prynces may tonges fals make fal
So moche taleberers/by chraftes forge can
That the emperour/callyd Adrian
Slewe his olde frendys/and hatyd many one
By these taleberers and false detraccyon
And many prynces or this haue done the same
By hasty credence/dystrayninge fore theyr name
And as in Croydon I hard the coyrer preche
That holy scripture doth vs informe and teche
Howe Saul/Dauid/and prudent Salomon
Commaundyd to be slayne of inche many one
As hath ben with them in greate auctorite
And dayly of suche/may we example se
By cause Isaake in myght dyd dye and stande
Fals Abymaleche hym dryue out of his lande

And Alexander with his owne handys slewe
Citron his frende / whiche he dyd after rewe
Bycause he compared vnto this conquerour
His father Philippus / lawdys and honour
And suche lyke chance / but lately dyd befall
In the lande of Apuly / to the great Senescall
Whiche was so greatly in fauour with the quene
That none was so great as he hymselfe dyd wene
And thought in fauour to byde more stedfastly
For he abusyd the quene dyshonestly
But to another / the quene tournyd hyr loue
And than hym murdred his presence to remoue
And whan she had founde / the meuys hym to kyll
Than had she dyuers louers at hyr wyll.

Cozidon.

O cursyd woman / and dede of cruelte

Cornix.

Cye ye Cozidon / mo be as bad as she
Some hath by malyce theyr sowkynge chyldren slayne
But to my matter wyll I retourne agayne
Theyr frawde and malyce I wyll nat nowe declare
Who with them dealeth / perceyuyth what is care
But now Cozidon / to prynces to retourne
Who pleasyth this day is out agayne the mourne
Ryght fewe / or none / or by a prynces syde
Whiche doth in fauour contynually abyde
Whyle one ascendyth another doth descende
This is the thynge wherto they most intende
And whiche in the court / men chefely go about
Themselfe to bryngе in / and rub another out
And than to clym vp to offyce and renowne
And whyle they ascende to thurst another downe

Echone desyreth his felawe to excell
There is none order/no more than is in hell
No loue/no fauour/fayth/nor fydelyte
One brother can nat sure for another be
The sone for the father hath no compassyon
And lyke pyte/hath the father of his sone
Eche man for hym selfe/and the frende for all
Echone desyreth for to be pryncypall
Echone wyll commaunde and haue preeminence
And yf any one haue place of excellence
He hath about hym a thousande iyen & nyne
And as many tonges to brynge hym to ruyne
On euery syde/enuyers hym awayte
Deuysynge meanys/to put hym from his state
A man of power/whiche many men may dear
Hath euer yll wyll/thus may he many fear
Hye towres decay byldyd/by flodys syde
Whiche doth the wawes contynually abyde
What shall a shepherde do in the court to tende
Whose lyfe and seruyce on one man doth depende
Thoughe thou in fauour be with a prynces or kynge
yet trust nat therin/it is vncertayne thynge
Thou hast hym nat bounde/to the wt chaynnys stronge
Of lead or yron/to last and tary longe
But with feble wax/suche bande can nat last
Whan loue wexyth colde/than shall ye tynkes brast
The feruour of wrath shall thē consume and melt
Than is thy fauour skant worth a shepys pelt

¶ Coridon.

Of some haue I herde of men of great honour
Whiche haue in the court/byd alway in fauour
Tyll tymē theyr prynces departyd from this lyfe

And then with the newe had lyke prerogatyfs
Thus in the court no thynge so varyable
As thou reherselt / nor yet so reprouable

Cornix.

I graunte the Coridon / some suche haue there bene
But that is a byrde / whiche seldom tyme is sene
That is but fortune / and chaunce nat on to trust
But many be throwen / vnwarly to the dust
Some whyle theyr prynces / styll lyuyd in renowne
But whan they departe / all tournyth vpset downe
Than yf some haue fauour / with prynces successours
We se them seldom / set in so hye honours
As with theyr elders / they dyd before optayne
A man sone fallyth / and slow is vp agayne
So many se we deposyd from degre
And how moche the more / they were indygnyte
So moche more / after be they vyle & abiect
Theyr anncyent / name countyd of none effect
Than they perceyue / who was theyr frende & fo
Before in honour / forsothe they coude nat so
To men in power / so me often stoup and beck
Whiche gladly wolde / se theyr hedys from the neke
Whan they by fortune at on the grounde agayne
Than langh theyr foes & haue at them dyldayne
There frendes dolour and sorowe is nat small
Theyr owne dyswourshyp a shame is worst of all
For after they lyue styll in dolour and dystres
In shame rebukes in care and heuines
This is the comon ende and sure conclusyon
Of suche as with prynces serue for promocyon
Wherfore I dare call them foles before the
Whiche serue in the court / for myght or dygnyte

Coridon.

For sothe mate Cornix I can nat wele deny
But that suche chances doth happyn comonly
Than better is small fyre one easely to warme
Than is a great fyre to do one hurt or harme
I am assured/as for thy selfe and me
We nede not to fere/to fall from our degre
Beggery is lowest/who that can fare with all
Nedyth nat to fere to lower state to fall
But haue done Cornix and tell thy wretchydnes
Of suche as in court/serue onely for ryches
As for the other the best that we do may
Is to dyffer it/vntyll another day

Cornix.

Wele sayd Coridon/I am content with that
But fyrst let me dryncke I shall the better chat
This whey is sowre/but vse easyth the payne
Dryncke Coridon and stope it vp agayne

Coridon.

Now say on Cornix/thy talkynge lykythme
I se that councell/excludyth capulyte
Saue for thy wysdom or this tyme as I wene
With courtly mystery I tangled sholde haue bene
But well fare councell whan it is true and good
I wolde that Mynalcas/this also vnderstode

Cornix.

Many of the court resort/dayly routles
In rongthe to gather/some treasour or ryches
Than agaynst age they may go out agayne
And afterwarde lyue/without labour or payne
In hope of this eas and latter lyberte
Many in the court byde longe captyuyte

Andyf some courter/thus to hym selfe doth say
Alas shall I neuer ought for myselfe puruey
Whan shall I in court/some lytell banke procure
That from the bagge and staff myn age may be sure
The fole thynketh/than mooste ryches for to haue
Agaynst suche season whan nerest is his graue
Whan nere is endyd his iourney of this lyfe
Than is he for vitayle mooste besy and pensyfe
Our sauyour sayth/it is as harde doutles
To one whiche fixeth his pleasour on ryches
To enter that royalme/whiche is aboue the skye
As an asse to enter/through a nedyls eye
I harde our vicayr say in lyke maner wyse
Onys whan he preched agaynst couetyse
Than it is foly great ryches to purchace
And by it to losse the hope of heuenly place
Is nat cryste able his poore men to sustayne
yes and to ryd them out of all other payne
The poore apostels/be greater now of fame
Than ryche Crelus for all his royall name
Whan man hath in god his trust and confydence
In all tyme of nede he faylyth none expence
All good men fixeth theyr trust in god parde
He knoweth better/what thynge we nede then we
Of some poore freers is made more curyously
Than is some abbey/or ryche monastery
The fyrst hath theyr trust in god our creatour
The other trustyth vpon theyr bayne treasour
Thus god ofte helpyth them that in hym haue trust
Whan worldly ryches men leuyth in the dust

Cozidon.

Cornix thy prouys was nat for to preche

But me of the courters mysery to teche
Agaynst thyn owne selfe thou spekyst now parde
For fyrst thou grutced agaynst pouerte
Agayne thou blamyst plenty of ryches nowe
But fewe men lyuynge thy saynge wyll allowe
For without ryches thou sayst openly
Vertue nor connynge/ now be nothynge set by

¶ Cornix.

¶ I wyll nat deny/ but it is nede doutles
For all men lyuynge for to haue some ryches
But trust me Coridon/ there is dyuersyte
Bytwene to haue ryches/ and ryches to haue the
Than thou hast ryches/ whan thou despysest store
Bestowest it wele and forsest nat therfore
But ryches hath the/ whan wretchyd couetyse
Thy mynde subdeweth/ to euery yll and vyce
And whan thy desyre is yet insaciable
Thoughe thou haue treasour/ almost innumerable
Suche maner ryches/ the colyer tell the can
Is vyle and odyble bothe vnto god and man
But nowe to the court for to retorne agayne
Some thynke by prynces great ryches to optayne
But whyle they coueyt/ in ryched for to be
Coridon forsothe/ they lese theyr lyberte
And yet yf I sholde/ the veray trouth expres
No man can in court fynde iust and true ryches
If thy lord gyue the other golde or fe
Vnto his seruyce more art thou bounde parde
Saynt Gregori sayth affyrmynge the same thynge
In greattyst gyftys/ is greattyst rekenynge
But yf thou wylt than forth of the court depart
Whan by thy prynce inryched thus thou art

Than shall be founde some gyle some frawd or trayne
By meane wherof thou lesyst all agayne
A fawt shall be founde/some one shall the accuse
Of thynge wherof thou dyd neuer thynke nor muse
Though thou be gyltles yet shall thou be cõuyct
Fare well thy good all shall be from the lyct
Or some backe rekenynge/conseruynge thyne offyce
Of all thy ryches shall pyll the with a tryce
Than art thou clappyd in the flete or clynke
Thã nought must thou say whã so euer thou thinke
For yf thou begyn to murmur or complayne
Thy lyfe thou leesest than hast thou harmes twayne

Corydon.

Yet were it better for to contynue styll
As longe in the court/as is the prynces wyll

Cornix.

If thou contynue/thou must be dylygent
And redy at hande/at eche commaundement
Whan he commaundyth/thou must be prest to fyght
To ryde and to go/by day and eke by nyght
No drede no daungere/may helpe the nor excuse
No payne nor peryll mayst thou flc nor refuse
Some tyme must thou be in ayre contagyous
And in thousandes other of chaunches perylous
What he commaundyth that nedes do thou must
Be it good or yll/ryghtwys/or oniust
Laughe whan he laughyth/all yf thyn harte be sad
Wepe whan he wepyth/be thou neuer so glad
Lawde what he lawdeth/though it be not lawdable
Blame what he blameth/though it be cõmendable
And shortly to speke/thou must all thynge fullfyll
As is his pleasour/and nothynge at thy wyll

None of thy wyttes/ar at thy lyberte
Unto thy mayster/they nedys muſt agre
What is moze folyſhe/moze founde oz impzudent
Than to gete ryches/by ſuche extreme tourment
Foz nought it is els but playne a frenesy
To bydz foz ryches/this care and myſery
It wolde make one clawe/where as it dothe nat itche
To ſe one lyue poze/by cauſe he wolde dye ryche
By cauſe one in court/hath gotyn good oz twayne
Sholde all men ſuppoſe/the ſame there to optayne
And in hope therof/to loſe theyz lyberte
But ſekynge ryches/ſuche fyndeth pouerte
Foz many in court/whyle they abyde ryches
Spende all theyz treaſour/& lyue in wzedchydnes
What ſayth ſome fole/ſpende on a bone voayge
Parchaunche my wagys/ſhall paſſe myn herytage
But whyle he ſpendeth/tyll ſkant remayne a grote
Home he retournyth/ye with a thzede bare cote
His hoꝛſe is ſo fat that playne he is nat able
To get his body/noꝛ head out of the ſtable
His ſwerde & bucler/is pleggyd at the bear
And to go lyghter/ſo is his other gear
The ryder walkyth/now with his bowe and arows
With a fayze excuſe/in hedgys to kyll ſparows
And oft retournynge/he ſayd but all to late
I diewe all courtynge/in the deuyllys date

Coꝛidon.

Alyz this paſſyth/nowe by the code of ſome
Better were foz ſuche/foz to hade byd at home
But tell me Coꝛnir/hath all men the boundage
And payne of the court/foz no moze auauntage

Coꝛnir.

Comes somtyme ryches is gyuyn by some chaunce
To suche as of good haue greattyst aboundaunce
Lyke wyse as stremys/ vnto the see doth glyde
But on bare hyllys/ no watter wyll abyde
So yf a poore man serue in the court longe whyle
Fortune shall neuer so frendly on hym smyle
But that a ryche man in towne or hyre dygnyte
For a lytell seruyce/ hath more rewarde than he
As for the seruyce/ none in the court shall pounder
They note the persone/ styll is the poore kept vnder
For a lytell man/ mete is a small hakney
So smallest persones/ hath small rewarde away
But men of worshyp/ set in auctoryte
Must haue rewardes great after theyr degre
And Corydon prynces/ gyue nought I tell the playne
But whan that they lust/ reuoke agayne
And so suche thynges/ whiche prynces to the gyue
To the be as sure/ as watter in a syue
Thou mayst nat of them/ make clienacyon
For the same care/ vntyll another nacyon
Thou mayst nat dyspose them after thyn intente
But lyke as thy pryncе/ is pleasyth and content
Than suche vayne ryches can be thyne by no skyll
Syth thou haste no myght to spende the at thy wyll
ye and more ouer thou hast no faculte
The same to bequeth/ at wyll whan thou must dye
If thou want yssue/ no man shall be thyne heyre
Saue onely the pryncе thus doth the worlde fayre
If thou haue yssue/ succede shall they nat the
Except with thy pryncе they wyll in seruyce be
How many hath be slayne/ me nydyth nat expres
Of suche as them erst/ auancyd to ryches
So prynces ar wont/ with ryches some to fede

As we do our swyne/whan we of larde haue nede
We fede our hogges/them after to deuour
Whan they be fattyd by costys and labour
In lyke wyse prynces/promotyth many one
And whan thy be ryche/they gnaw them to the bone
Lyke as Longinus/and Seneca doutles
Which as sayth codrus were slayne for theyr ryches
So wryteth Pius/whom some Eneas call
I clawse allegynge/of famous Iuuenall

Cozidon.

The more of the courte that thou doost count & tell
The lesse me lykyth/with it to deall or mell

Cornix.

What byde Cozidon/yet hast thou nat herde all
The court is in erth/an ymage infernall
Without fayre paynted/within owgly and vyle
This knowe they surely which there hath be whyle
But of our purpos nowe for to speke agayne
Fewe pryncys gyue that/which to theselfe attayne
Trust me Cozidon/I tell the by my sowle
They robbe saint Peter/therw to clothe sait powle
And lyke as dayly we bothe may se & here
Some pyll the churche/therwith to lead the quene
Whyle men promotyd by suche rapyne ar glad
The wretches pylled mowrne and be wo and sad
And many heyres lyue gyltles in dystres
Whyle onwerthy/hath honour and ryches
But suche vyle gyftes may nat be true playnly
Nor yet/possessyd by lawe ryghtwysly
And syth fewe rowmys of lordly dygnyte
Be wone or holden with ryght and equyte
Say what thynge haue they to gyue by lawe & ryght

Syth theyr chefe treſour is won by wrõgful myght
When ſe come theyr iewels theyr coyne & cloth of pryce
Saue moſte by rappyne and ſkellynge of iuſtyce
Els of ſaynt Peters/or cryſtes patrymony
Nowe fewe be founders/but confounders be many
Theſe be no gyftes/true honeſt nor laudable
Neyther to the gyuer/nor taker profytable
Theſe men call gyftes/of none vtilyte
Whiche thus procedyth/of fals inequyte
Than leue we this vyce/whyle all good men it hate
For couetous with coyne be neuer ſacyate
I harde syr Sampſon ſay/but this other day
That Jerome & Seneke/doth both this sentẽce ſay
That couetous wretches/nat only want that thynge
Whiche thy neuer had in tytle nor keppynge
But that whiche they haue alſo/they want & fayle
Syth they it hauynge of it haue none auayle
And as I remember/olde Codrus ſayd alſo
That golde nought helpyth whan we muſt hence go
Skant haue we pleaſour/of it whyle we here tary
And none can his ſtore/nor glory wyth hym cary
Thus ought we to lyue as hauynge all in ſtore
But nought poſſeſſynge or carynge nought therfore
What ſholde chryſten men/ſeke ferther for ryches
Hauynge fode and clothe/it is ynought doutles
And theſe may our lorde gyue vnto vs truly.
Without pryncys ſeruice/or courtly myſery
Thus fynde we in court playne no ryches at all
Or ellys fynde we ſuche/with care contynuall
That it were better/no ryches to haue founde
Than for falſe treaſour/in thraldom to be bounde

Corydon.

¶ Loke vp mate Cornix/beholde in to the west
These wyndy clowdys/vs thretnyth some tempest
My clothes be thyn/my shepe be shorne newe
Suche storme myght fall/ỹ both myght after rewe
Dryue we out flockes vnto our poze cotage
To morowe of court/we may haue moze langage
This day hast thou tolde/and prouyd openly
That all suche courters/doth lyue in mysery
Whiche serue in the court/foz honour lawde oz fame
And myght oz power/thou prouyd hast this same
And that all they lyue/depest in dystres
Which serue there/to wyn vayne treasour oz ryches
As foz the other two/and yf ought moze remayne
Thou mayst tel to morowe/whā we tourne agayne

¶ Cornix.

¶ I graunt Corydon/take vp thy bottell sone
Les is the burthen/now that the drynke is done
Lo here is a spozte/our bottell is contary
To a Cowes vtter/and I shall tell the why
With a full vtther retournyth home the cowe
So doth nat the bottell/as it aperyth nowe
Corydon we must haste/in our iourney make
Oz els shall the storme/vs and our shepe ouertake

¶ Finis.

Thus endeth the fyrst Egloge of the myseryes of the Courters compyled and drawen by Alexander Barclay.

¶ The seconde eglogue.

¶ Hery begynneth the seconde egloge
of the myseryes of courters.

¶ Coridon.

HOw fel this Cornix/ why taryed thou so lōge
This is ꝑ .iiij day some thīge is wꝫ the wrōge
Els some ꝑturbance of housholde besynes
Unto thy pasture hath made the tende the les

¶ Cornix.

¶ Codrus/ the rychest shepherde of our coste
Whiche of his wethers is wont hymselfe to boste
Unto a banket frendly inuityd me
The same day after I dyd departe fro the
Whyle I hym helpyth his gestis for to chere
That hath me causyth/ so lately to be here

¶ Coridon.

¶ Who fatly faryth with costly meat and drynke
For warke behofull doth lytyll care or thynke
Whan full is the wombe the bonys wolde haue rest
Fye on suche surfayt/ fayre temperaunce is best
My wyuys gray hen one egge layd euery day
My wyfe fed hyr wele/ to cause hyr two to lay
But whan she was fat than laye she none at all
I trowe that lyke chaunce/ be vnto the befall
For now of thy flocke thou hast no mynde nor care
Sith tyme thy wyttys were dullyd with fat fare

¶ Cornix.

¶ Nat so Coridon/ for whan I sowpe at home
I oft go to bed/ with faynt aud hungry wombe
Than lye I slombrynge to wyn in sleap I thynke
That same which I loste for lacke of meat & drynke
But whan I am fed than slepe I stedfastly

And after short rest/than worke I lustely

¶ Coridon.

A byrde wele ingorged/kepys wele hyr nest
A full bely askyth/a bed full of rest

¶ Cornix.

¶ That is whan dyet/excedyth temporaunce
Than folowyth slouth and all mysgouernaũce
As brawlynge bablynge/dyscorde and lechery
Blasphemynge lyenge/crakynge and periury
But as towchynge me by cause I want at home
Whan I am abrode I furnysshe wele my wombe
Yet more I take nat than nature may sustayne
And than sore worke I it to dysgest agayne
So dyd I with Codrus tyll I am fatygate

¶ Coridon.

¶ I wyst wele some thynge made ẏ to come so late
Me lyst no longer to comon of excesse
But tell me Cornix/what was thy besynes

¶ Cornix.

¶ The ryuer began/the bankes to ouer flowe
At dyuers partes where as the grounde was lowe
For myght of water wyll nat our laysere byde
We fayne were our shephe/for the tyme to set asyde
And bothe day and nyght to put to our dylygence
For to ouercome/the flodes violence
Streng thynge our bankes and heythynge thẽ agayne
Whiche were abated/with flodes or great rayne

¶ Coridon.

¶ The erth in this poynt is lyke maners of men
From hye ground/water/dyscendyth to the fen
The hye mountaynnys/of water them dyscharge
And lade the ryuers with flodes great ꝛ large

Agayne the ryuers/dyschargyth them lyke wyse
And chargyth the see/so mennys comon gyse
Is alway to lay the burthen or the sack
Whiche them sore greuyth vpon some other back

¶ Cornix.

¶ No thynge is truer/than is this of the sayd
It is a true prouerbe and pretely conueyd

¶ Coridon.

¶ But now thou art come I pray the hartely
Begyn where thou left of courters mysery
The heuyn is clere the cowdes clene away
Whiche is a tokyn of cawm and pleasant day
The poyntyd burdys with pleasant tunes synge
The dewy flowres fresshly doth smyle and sprynge
All thynge reioysyth eche thynge doth nature kepe
Than were it great shame to vs to snort & slepe
By mery taykynge/longe season semyth shorte
In frendly spece/is solace & confort

¶ Cornix.

¶ As I remember we spake last of ryches
Now talke we of lust or voluptuosnes
Forsothe some wretches of maners vyle and rude
Haue countyd in lust moost hye beatitude
And namely the sect whiche folowe epycure
Whiche shameful l sect doth to this day indure
Whome the philosophers & clerkes nowe a days
Despyse with wordys/yet folowe they his ways
For what is that clerke or prelate in honour
Whiche clene dyspysyth all temporall pleasour
And therfore ꝑchaunce yf any suche there be
Despysynge to loke on fayrnes or beawte
Despysynge odours or sapour dylycate

And pleasant towchynge/despyshynge in lyke rate
Some call thē happy whiche can suche thynge exclude
But no men count them of maners dull & rude
For ii. dyuers wayes/doth mannys lyfe contayne
The one of vertue/of dylygence and payne
The other of lust/of pleasour myrth and rest
The fyrst despyshynge men count ỹ seconde best
They way of vertue is roughe and desolate
With wede & thornys shyt for all men it hate
Fewe it frequentyth or folowe in regarde
For the fyrst entre to them aperyth harde
The way of pleasour/is playne & cuydent
And greatly worne/for many it frequent
The harde way of vertue/at ende hath quyetnes
They playne way of plesour hath daūger & distres
yet were one hantyth the passage of vertue
For that one iiii. score theyr lustys doth insue

Cornidon.

These matters be hye and semyth me dyffuse
Drawe to our purpose cause me no longer muse

Cornir.

Though I now be poore & here no thynge set by
yet haue I or this sene some philosophy
But the lacke of vse hurtyth al scyence
And wretchyd thraldom is enmy to prudence
What tyme the persone is cuntyd as abiecte
Than langour makyth the wyt of small effect
A famous doctour is blyndyd amonge foles
Onely his valour is clerest in the scoles
A precyous stone well cowchyd in pure golde
Is bryght and comely/& goodly to beholde
Throwe it in the myre than is the beawte gone

And hyd for the tyme/bothe of the golde & stone
For lacke of vsynge a swerde erst glasyd bryght
With rust is eyn/made fowle & blacke to syght
Ryght so my reason somtyme fresshe to deuyse
Is now made rusty/for lacke of exercyse

Corydon.

By this dysputynge thou mayst scoure of the rust
Retourne nowe to speke of pleasour & of lust

Cornix.

Many blynde wretches/byde in the court labour
There wenynge to wyn/theyr lustys & pleasour
But it is a wonder & matter cheefe of all
To speke of theyr foly & appetyte rurall
But fyrst let vs talke what pleasour is there sene
Whiche ꝑ v. wyttys begynnynge at the eyen

Corydon.

That is trouth Cornix ryght many thyngys be
Whiche men haue pleasour and great delyte to se
And these in the court be moost in habundance

Cornix.

Nay there hath the syght/no maner of pleasance
And that shall I proue longe tyme or it be nyght
Some men delyteth beholdynge men to fyght
Or goodly knyghtes/in pleasant apparayle
Or sturdy sowdiours in bryght harnes & mayle
Or an army redy arayed to the war
Or to se them fyght so that he stande a far
Some glad is to se these ladyes beauteous
Goodly apoyntyd in clothynge sumptuous
A nomber of peopyll apoyntyd in lyke wyse
In costly clothynge after the newest gyse
Sportys/dysgysynge fayr courters moūt & prauncē

Or goodly ladyes / & knyghtes synge & daunce
To se fayre houses and curyous picture
Or pleasant hangynge / or sumptuous vesture
Of sylke of purpure / or golde moost ozyent
And other clothynge dyuers and excellent
Hye curyous byldynge and palacys royall
Or chapels temples fayre & substancyall
Images grauen or vaultes curyous
Gardyns and medows or place dylycyous
Forestes parkes / well furnysshed with dere
Colde pleasant streamys or wellys fayre and clere
Curyous cõductys / or shadowey mountayns
Swete pleasant valleys / lawndys other playns
Houndes & suche other thynges manyfolde
Some men take pleasour and solace to beholde
But all these pleasours be moche moze iocounde
To pzyuate persons / whiche nat to court be boũde
Than to suche other whiche of necessyte
Or bounde to the court / as in captyuyte
For they whiche be bounde to pzynces without fayle
Whan they must nedys be pzesent in batayle
There shall they nat be / at large to se the syght
But as sowdyours / in myddes of the fyght
To rone here and there / somtyme his fo to smyte
And oft tymes wounded / herin is small delyte
And moze must he thynke / his body to defende
Than for any pleasour / about hym to intende
And oft is he faynt and betyn to the grounde
I trowe in suche syght / smal pleasour may be foũde
As for fayre ladyes / clothed in sylke and golde
In court at thy pleasour thou canst nat beholde
At thy pzyncys pleasour / thou shalt them onely se

Than suche shalt thou se whiche lytell set by the
whose shape and beautye/ may so enflambe thyn hart
That thought & langour may cause yᵗ for to smart
For a small sparcle/ may kendle loue certayne
But scantly Seuerne/ may quenche it clene agayne
And beautly blyndeth and causyth man to set
His hart on ỳ thynge/ whiche he shall neuer get
To se men clothed in sylkes pleasantly
It is small pleasour and oft causyth enuy
whyle thy lene Jade/ halteth be thy syde
To se another/ vpon a courser ryde
Thoughe he be neyther gentylman nor knyght
Nothynge is thy fortune/ thy hart can nat be lyght
As thouchynge sportys & gamys of pleasance
To synge to reuell and other dalyaunce
who that wyll truly/ vpon his lorde attende
Vnto suche pleasours he seldom may entende
Palayeys pyctures/ and temples sumptuous
And other byldynge/ bothe gay and curious
These may marchauntys more at theyr pleasour se
Than suche as in court be bounde alway to be
Syth kynges/ for must part pas nat theyr regyons
Thou seest now Tytees/ of foreyn nacyons
Suche outwarde pleasours/ may the peopyll se
So may nat courters/ for lacke of lyberte
As for these pleasours/ of thynges varyable
whiche in the fyldes aperyth delectable
But seldom season mayst thou obtayne respyte
The same to beholde with pleasour and delyte
Some tyme the courter remayneth halfe the yere
Closse within wallys moche lyke a prysoner
To make escapys/ some seldom tyme arwount

Saue whā theyr prynces hath pleasour for to hūt
Or els other wyse them selfe to recreate
And than this pleasour shall they nat loue but hate
For than shal they forth moost namely to the payne
When they in myndes wolde at home remayne
Other in the frost/hayle or els snowe
Or whā some tempest or myghty wynd doth blowe
Or els in great heat and feruour euery syse
But close in houses the moost part waste theyr lyfe
Of colour faded/& cloked nere with dust
This is of courters the ioy and all the lust

Corydon.

What yet may they synge & with fayre ladyes daūce
Bothe comon & lawghe/here in is some pleasance

Cornix.

Nay nay Corydon/that pleasurys but small
Some & contemt/what man wyll pleasour call
For some in the daunse/hyr pyncheth by the hande
Whiche gladly wolde se hym stretchyd in a bande
Some galand seketh/hyr fauour to purchace
Whiche playne abhorryth for to beholde his face
And styll in dauncynge/moost parte inclyneth she
To one moche vyler and more abiect than he
No day ouerpassyth but that in court men fynde
A thousand thynges/to ver and greue theyr mynde
Alway thy foes/or present in thy syght
And often so great is theyr degre and myght
That nedys must thou kys ỹ hāde which dyd ỹ harme
Thoughe thou wolde se it/cut gladly frō the arme
And brefely to speke yf thou to court resort
yf thou se one thynge of pleasour or confort
Thou shall se many before or thou depart

To thy displeasour & penfylnes of hert
So fyndyth thy fyght/there more of bytternes
And of displeasour/than pleasour and gladnes

Corydon.

CAs towshynge the fyght now se I clere and playne
That men in the court shall fynde but care & payne
But yet me thynketh as dayly doth apere
That men in the court may pleasant thyngys here
And by suche meanys haue delectacyon
Whyle they here tydynges & communycacyon
And all the chaunches and euery newelte
As well of our Coost/as far beyonde the see
There men may here some that comon of wysdom
For of men wysest/within the court be some
There be recountyd/and of men lernyd tolde
Famous cronycles of actys great and olde
The worthy dedes of prynces excellent
To moue yonge prynces/suche actes to frequent
For whan wyse men dare nat bad prynces blame
For theyr mysluynge/Menalcas sayth this same
Of other prynces/than lawde they the vertue
To styre theyr lordes/suche lyuynge to ensure
And whyle they commende/prynces vnworthely
To be commendable/they warne them secretly
All this may courters/in court oft tymes here
And also songes of tymes swete and clere
The byrde of Cornewayle/the Crayne and the kyte
And mo other lyke to here it is delyte
Warblynge of theyr tunys/at pleasour and at wyll
Though some be besy whiche haue but lytell skyll
There men may here/moche other melody
In sound resemblynge an heuynly armony

Is this nat pleasour/me thynke no myrth is scant
Where no reioysynge/of mynstrelsy doth want
The baggepype/or fydell to vs is delectable
Than is there solace more greatly commendable
Cornir.
Thou art dysceyuyd/and so be many mo
Whiche for suche pleasour/vnto the court wyll go
But for these also/I must fynde remedy
Whiche sue to the court for lust of melody
They be madde folys/whiche to reioyse theyr erys
Wyll lyue in court more dredfull then with bearys
In stede of pleasour/suche fynde but heuynes
They here small good/but moche vnhappynes
As towchynge tydynges/which thou dost fyrst abiect
There moche thynges is tolde/fals & of none effect
And more dyspleasour shall wysmen in them fynde
Than ioy or pleasour to confort of theyr mynde
These be tydynges/in court moost comonly
Of Cytees taken/war/frawde/& tyranny
Good men subdued/or els by malyce slayne
And bad in theyr stede/haue vyctory and reyne
Of spoylynge murder/oppressyon and rapyne
How lawe and iustyce/sore fallyth to ruyne
Amonge the courters suche neweltyes be tolde
And in mean season/they laugh bothe yonge & olde
Whyle one recountyd/some dede abhominable
Suche other wretches/repute it commendable
But men of wysdom/well lernyd in scripture
Whiche talke of maners/or secrete of nature
Or of hystoryes/theyr dysputacyon
Is swetely sawsyth/with adulacyon
They cloke the trouth/theyr prynces to content

To purchace fauour & mynde benenolent
In somtyme poetes or oratours ornate
Make orysons/ before some great estate
It is nat so swete/ to here them talkynge there
Where as theyr myndes/ be trowbled oft with fear
As in the scoles/ where they at lyberte
Without all flaterynge/ may talke playne verytе
For truly in courtes/ all communycacyon
Must nedes haue spyce of adulacyon
Suche as be gylty/ anone be mad and wroth
If one be so bolde/ playnly to say the trouth
Therfore yll lyuers/ oftymes lawdyd be
And men dyspraysed whiche loue honeste
And true hystoryes of actes anncyent
Be fally tourned/ some pryuces to content
And namely whan suche hystoryes testyfy
Blame or dyshourshyp/ towchyng his progeny
Than newe hystoryes be fayned of the olde
With flatery paynted/ with lyes many folde
Than some good scoler/ without promocyon
Heryng suche/ glosyd communycacyon
Dare nat be so bolde/ suche lyenge to gaynsay
But laughe in his mynde yet at the fole he may
And also in court/ Actours nat verytable
And lest of valour are counted moost laudable
But Liuius/ Salust & quintus curcius
Justinian/ Plutarche/ and Suetonius
With suche noble auctours/ and many other mo
In this tyme courters wyll haue nethynge to do

¶ Corydon.

¶ Cornix/ where hast thou these strange namys sought

¶ Cornix.

I sought nat in youth the worlde all for nought
Mynstrels and syngers be in the court lyke wyse
And that of the best/and of the frenche gyse
Suche men with pryncys/be sene more acceptable
Than men of wysdom and clerkes venerable
For Phylosofers/Poetes and Oratours
Be seldom in court/had in so great honours
Whã thou fayne wolde here/suche folkes play or synge
No thynge shall be done/of them at thy lykynge
But whan it pleasyth thy prynces them to call
Theyr sounde ascendyth/to chamber and to hall
Whan thou woldest sleape or do some besynes
Than is theyr musyke to the vnquyetnes
yet byde theyr clamour and sounde thou nedes must
To thy great trouble and no pleasour or lust
This is of syngers the veray properte
Alway the couyte desyred for to be
And whan theyr frendes wolde here of theyr cõnynge
Than at they neuer dysposed for to synge
But yf they begyn desyred of no man
Than shewe they all and more than they can
And neuer leue thy tyll men of them be wery
So in theyr conceyt/theyr connynge they set by
And thus whan a man wolde gladyest them here
Than haue they dysdayne/in presence to apere
And than whan a man wolde take his eas and rest
Than none can voyd them they be in place so prest
yet nedys must thou erchewe season prynceypall
Rewarde suche people/els art thou nought at all
For theyr displeasoure to the and paynes harde
Lo suche is ỹ court/thou must gyue them rewarde
Beside this/in court men here skant other thynge

Haue chydynge/brawlyng/bannynge & cursynge
Echone is besy his felawe for to blame
There is blasphemynge of goddys holy name
Deuysynge othis with pleasour for the nonys
And often they speke togyder all at onys
So many clamours vse they at euery tyde
That scant mayst thou here thy felowe be the syde
They boste theyr synnes/as past the fear of shame
Detractynge other men fawty in the same
One laudeth his londe where he was bred & borne
At others contray hauynge dysdayne and scorne
On eche syde soundyth foule speche of rybawdry
Vauntynge and bostynge of hynne and velany
No meture maner nor shame/nor reuerence
Haue they in wordes in secrete or presence
A rusty rybawd more vyler than a sowe
Hath in the court more audyence than thou
Some booke/some brawle/some slander & bachyte
To here suche maners can be but small delyte
Except a wretche wyll confourme hym to that sorte
Than in suche herynge his blyndnes hath comforte
These scabbed scolyons may do and say they wyll
Whan men of wourshyp for very shame are styll
Who that hath wysdom wolde rather defe to be
Than dayly to here suche vyle enormyte

Corydon.

I se in herynge men in the court haue no ioye
yet is it pleasour to handle and to toy
With Galatea Licoris or phyllys
Neera/Malkyn or lusty Testilis
And other dames/yf coyne be in the powche
Men may haue pleasour them for to fele & towche

In court hath venus hyr power pryncypall
For wymen vsyth to loue them moost of all
Whiche boldly bosteth/or that can synge and get
Whiche ar well decked with large busshes set
Whiche hath the maystry/oft tyme in tournament
Or that can gambawd/or daunce feat and gent
Or that can alway be mery withouth care
With suche can wymen/moost chefely deall & fare
So may these courters in court some pleasour wyn
Onely in towchynge/and felynge theyr soft skyn

¶ Cornix.

¶ Thou arte abusyd/forsothe it is nat so
Louers in court haue moost of care and wo
Some wymen loue them/inflamyd be vyle lust
But yet veray fewe/dare them byleue or trust
For well knowe wymen/that courters chat and bable
They bost theyr synnes/and euer be vnstable
After theyr pleasour/than to the olde adiwe
Than be they besy/to puruey for a newe
This knowe all wymen/Some by experyence
So fewe to courters/gyue trust or confydence
Except it be suche/as forsyth nat hyr name
Or passed all fear/rebuke/or worldly shame
Than suche a brouthell/hyr kepyth nat to one
For many courters/ensueth her alone
And none shalt thou loue/of this vyle sorte parde
But that she louyth another more then the
And than as often/as partynge felowes mete
They chyde and brawle though it be in the strete
Hatered and stryfe/and fyghtynge cometh after
Effusyon of blode/and oftentyme manslaughter
Thou canst no woman/kepe streyght and nygardly

To whom many one dothe promes largely
Another shall come/more fresshe and gayly decte
Than hath he fauour/and thou art clene abiecte
Whan thou haste wasted thy money/name and sede
Than shalt ÿ haue nought saue a mok for thy mede
Thou art the nynthe/wenynge to be alone
For none of this sorte/can be content with one
yet shall she fayne hyr chast as penolope
Though she loue twenty as well as she dothe the
And eche for his tyme shall haue a mery loke
Se syghyth as she great sorowe for them toke
With fayned teares/she moysteth oft thy lap
Tyll tyme that thy purse be taken in a trap
And yf she perceyue that all thy coyn is gone
Than daunce at the doze/adieu gentyll Johñ
And oft whan thou goost to vysyte thy lemman
With hyr shalt thou fynde/some other Joly man
Than shall she make the for to beleue none other
But he is her fader/her vncle or her brother
But playnly to speke/he brother is tho the
If kynred may ryse/of suche iniquite
Agayne to hyr howse/yf that thou after come
Than shalt thou fynde/that she is nat at home
But gone to some other/whiche for rebuke and shame
Durst nat come to hyr/for hurtynge of his name

Coridon.

There is a ruell/this doth excede my mynde
Who wolde thynke this gyle/to be in womañkynde
But yet man parde/some be as good within
As they be outwarde in beauty of the skyn
Of this curssed sorte/they can nat be echone
Some be whiche kepe them to one louer alone

As penolope/ was to hyr Ulires
Thynke on what Codrus/ recountyd of lucres
Though she nat wyllynge was fallsly violat
With hyr owne handes procured she hyr fate

Cornir.

CIt were a great wounder amonge the wymen all
If none were partles/ of lust venerall
I graunte some chast/ what tyme they can nat chuse
As whan all men theyr company refuse
Or whan she knowyth/ hyr vyce sholde be detect
Than of myslyuynge/ auoydyth she the iect
And though in ỹ worlde/ some womẽ mayst thou fynde
Whiche chastely lyue/ of theyr owne proper kynde
Or that can kepe hyr selfe onely to one
Yet is with suche/ of pleasour small or none
To hyr at pleasour thou canst nat resorte
In pleasour stollyn/ but small is the confort
Neyther mayst thou longe with suche one remayne
And in shorte pleasour departynge in great payne
To hyr mayst thou come but only now and than
By stelth & sterrys/ as pryuey as thou can
To loue and thy lorde mayst thou nat serue togyder
If so thy wyt is dystract thou wot nat whether
Thy lorde doth chalange to hym thy hole seruyce
And the same doth loue chalange in lyke wyse
Nat onely it is harde in the court to saue
Thy lemmad chast/ with hyr pleasour to haue
But also/ it is extreme dyfficulte
Thyn owne wyfe in court to kepe in chastyte
For flaterynge wowers/ on euery syde apere
And lusty galandes of fayre dyssymulyd chere
Some promes gold and gyftes great or small

Some hasty galand / is yet before them all
So many wowers / bawdys and brokers
Flatterers lyers and hasty profers
Be alway in court / that chast penolope
Coude skant amonge them preserue her chastyte
So great temptacyon / no woman may resyste
In heuenly power / hyr myght do nat assyste
For craft and coyne / flatery and instaunce
Tourneth chaste myndes / to vyle mysgouernaunce
Though she be honest / yet must thou leue thy loue
Syth princes courtes / contynually remoue
Then whether she be thy wyfe or concubyne
Her care and dolour is great / and so is thyne
For neyther mayst thou / ther styll with hyr abyde
Nor lede her with the / or kepe her be thy syde
Whan thou art gone / yf she behynde remayne
Than fear the trowblyth / with tourmēt & wo payne
By cause that the mynde / of women is onstable
Alway thou doubtest / lest she be chaungeable
And I assure the / yf man be out of syght
The mynde of woman / to retourne is very lyght
Onys out of syght / and shortly out of mynde
This is theyr maner / apere the neuer so kynde
Adde to all these / scorne and derysyon
Whiche thou mayst suffer / & greate suspeccyon
Infamy / sclaunder / and preuey Jalowsy
These must thou suffer without all remedy
And other daungers mo than a man can thynke
Whyle other sleppyth / the louer skant doth wynke
Who hath these prouyd / shall none of them desyre
For chyldren brent / styll after dredyth fyre
Syth that these thynges / to all men be greuous

They be to courtes/ yet mooſt dammagyous
Mooſt paynfull noyons/ and playnly impoꝛtable
In court them felynge/ hath no thynge delectable

Coꝛidon.

I ſe the pleaſour/ of towchynge is but ſmall
I thought it hony/ I ſe now it is gall
Now ſpeke on Coꝛnix I pꝛay the bꝛefely tell
What ioy haue courters/ in taſtynge oꝛ to ſmell
Foꝛ theſe two wyttes/ in court be recreate
Ellys many wꝛetchys/ be there infatuat

Coꝛnix.

The ſmell and taſtynge/ partly conioyned be
And parte dyſioyned/ as I ſhall tell to the
Foꝛ whyle we receyue/ ſome meatys delycate
The ſmell & taſtynge/ than bothe be recreate
The fragraunt odour/ and oyntment of ſwete flour
Onely delyteth/ the ſmellynge with odour
Of meate delycyous/ gone is bothe ſmell and taſt
When it is chewyd/ and thꝛough the gozge paſt
But they whiche in mouth/ haue pleaſour pꝛyncypall
Oꝛ beeſtly folys/ and of lyuynge bꝛutall
The famous ſhepherde/ whom Nero dyd behede
Them greatly blameth/ whiche beeſtly vſe to fede
Whiche foꝛ theyꝛ wombe thefe care & labour take
And of theyꝛ belyes/ ar wont theyꝛ god to make

Coꝛidon.

A god of the wombe/ that harde I neuer ere

Coꝛnix.

Coꝛidon/ thou art nat to olde foꝛ to lere
I playnly ſhall now declare foꝛ thy ſake
How beeſtly glottons god of theyꝛ wombes make
To god ar men wont/ temples to edyfye
And coſtly auters to oꝛdayne ſemblably

To ordayne mynysters/to execute seruyce
To offer beestes/by way of sacrifyce
To burne in temples/well smellynge ensence
Glottons to the wombe/do all this reuerence

Corydon.

They and theyr goodes come to confucyon
Whiche forgeth ydolys/by suche abusyon
But procede Cornix/tell on in wordys playne
How all these thynges/they to the wombe ordayne
Whiche is in temple/the auter and insence
And the mynysters/to do theyr dylygence
Within the temple to kepe alway seruyce
And to the bely whiche is the sacrifyce

Cornix.

To god of the belly/glotons a temple make
Of the smoky kechyn/for temple it they take
Within this temple/mynystre/bawdy cookes
And yonge scolyons/with fendes of theyr lokes
The solem awter/is the borde or table
With dysshes charged/twenty in a rable
The beestes offryd/in sacrifyce or hoste
In dyuers sortes/of sodyn and of roste
The sawe is ensence/or of the mete the smell
And of this temple/these be the chefe vessell
Platers and dysshes/morter and pot crokys
Pottis and pestels/broches and flesshe hokes
And many mo els/than I count or tell
They knowe them best whiche with the kychē mell
For god of the wombe/this seruice men prepare
As for theyr true god/full lytell is theyr care

Corydon.

This lyfe is beestly/and vtterly damnable

¶ Cornix.

¶ But yet it is now reputed comendable
Prynces and comons and some of relygyon
Unto this temple haue chefe deuocyon
To cokes and tauernes some cryer frequent
Than vnto seruyce of god omnipotent
Fyrst serue the belly / than after serue our lorde
Suche is the worlde / though it do yll accorde
And suche as delyteth / in beestly glotony
Folowith the court / suppositige stedfastly
With mete and with drynke / to stofe well the paunche
Whose lust insacyate / no flode of hell can staunche
And for that prynces vse / costely mete and wyne
These folys suppouse / to fede them with as fyne
To ete and to drynke / as swete & delycate
As doth theyr prynces or other great estate
Lyke wyse as flyes / doth folowe and thycke swarme
About fat paunches / vnto theyr vtter harme
So suche men as haue / in glotony confort
To lordes kechyns mooste besely resorte
With hungry throtys / yet go they oft away
And oft haue the flyes moche greater part than they

¶ Corydon.

¶ Than tell on Cornix / what confort and pleasour
Men fyndyth in court in tastynge & sauour
With meate and drynke / how they theyr wombes fyll
And whether thy spede / at pleasour & at wyll

¶ Cornix.

¶ To ete and to drynke / than is mooste ioye & lust
Whan men be hungry or greuyd sore with trust
But oft vnto nowne / must thou abyde respyte
Than tournyd is hounger / to doggys appetyte

For playne wood houngry that tyme is many one
That some wolde gladly be gnawynge on a bone
On whiche vyle curtys hath gnawen on before
His purs is empty and houngre is so sore
Or some by feblenes and wery taryenge
Lese theyr appetyte/that they can ete nothynge
Some other hath eten/some bread & chese before
That at theyr dyner/they lust to eate no more
Theyr stomake stoppyd and closyd with some crust
From them hath taken/theyr appetyte & lust
Than other courters of maners beestyall
With gredy mouthes deuowreth more than all
Thus some at rysynge be fuller then be swyne
And some for huuger agayne may syte and dyne
Somtyme to gyder must thou bothe dyne & sup
And somtyme thou dynest before the sonne be vp
But yf thou refuse to ete before day lyght
Than must thou tary and fast tyll it be nyght
To ete or to drynke than is it small delyte
When no dygestyon hath styred appetyte
Agayne art thou set to sowper all to late
All thynge hath season whiche men of court not hate
For neuer shall thy meate be set to in the season
Where of procedyth moche sore veracion
Oft age intestate departyd sodaynly
And lusty galandes departyth semblably
Here of procedyth/the vomyte & the stone
And other sykneese many mo than one
Somtyme is the wyne soure/watery and so bad
That onely the colour myght make a man be mad
Colde without mesure/or hote as hors pys
Bad is the colour/the sauour badder is

But yf in the court thou drynke/bothe bere and ale
Than is the colour trowbled/blake and pale
Thynke nat to drynke it/in glas/syluer or golde
The one may be stollyn/the other can nat holde
Of a treyn vessell/than must thou nedy drynke
Olde blake and rusty/lately takyn fro some synke
And in suche vessell drynke/shall thou oftentyme
Whiche in the bottom/is full of fylth and slyme
And of that vessell/thou drynkest oft I wys
In whiche some statis/or damys late dyd pys
Yet shalt thou nat haue/a cup at thy delyte
To drynke of allone/at wyll and appetyte
Corydon in court/I tell the by my sowle
For most parte/thou must drinke of a comon bowle
And where greasy lyppes/and slymy berde
Hath late ben deppyd/to make some man aferde
On that syde must thou thy lyppys wasshe also
Or els without drynke/from dyner must thou go
In the meane season/olde wyne & derely bought
Before thy presence/shall to thy prynce be brought
Whose smell and odour/so swete and maruelous
With fragrant sauour/inbawmyth all the hous
As muscadell caprike/romney and maluesy
From Genes/brough from grece or hungarry
Suche shall he drynke/suche shall to hym be brought
Thou hast the sauour/thy part of it is nought
Though thou sholde perysshe/for veray ardent thrust
No drop thou getteste/for to eslacke thy lust
And though good wynes/somtyme to the be brought
The tast of better/shall cause it to seme nought
Oft woldest thou drynke/yet darest thou nat lup
Tyll tyme thy better haue tastyd of the cup

No cup is fylled/tyll dyner halfe be done
And some mynystres/it countyth than to sone
But yf thou begyn for drynke/to call and craue
Thou for thy calling suche good reward shalt haue
That men shall call the malapert or dronke
Or an abbey lowne/or lymner of a monke
But with thy rebuke/yet art thou neuer the nere
Whyther thou demaunde/wyne paliyd ale or bere
yet shalt thou nat drynke/whā thou hast nede & thrust
The cup must thou spare/ay/for thy betters lust
Thy ough many handes shall pas the pees or cup
Before or it come to the/is all dronke vp
And than yf a drope/or two therin remayne
To lycke the vessell/somtyme thou arte full fayne
And than at the grounde/some fylth yf thou espy
To blame the butler/thou getteſt but enuy
And as men wekely/newe holy water poure
And onys in a yere/the vessell vse to scoure
So cupes & tankerdes in court as thou mayst thynke
Where in the comons/ar vsyd for to drynke
Or onys in the yere/empty and made clene
And scantly that well/as oftentyme is sene
For to aske water/thy wynes to alley
Thou fynde shalt no nede/yf thou before assay
With rynsynge of cupes/it tempered is before
By cause pure water/perchaunce is nat in store

Cozidon.

Cfye on this maner/suche seruyce I defye
I se that in court is vnclene penury
yet here though our drynke/be veray thyne & small
We may therof plenty haue whan we call
And in clene vessell/we drynke therof parde

Take here the bottell Cornix/assay and se

Cornix.

Than call for the preest/whan I refuse to drynke
This ale brewet/bentlye it maketh me to wynke

Corydon.

Thou sayst trouth Cornix/byleue me by the rode
No hand is so sure/that can alway make goode
But talke of the court/yf thou hast ony more
Set downe the bottell/saue some lycour in store

Cornix.

God blysse the brewer/well colyd is my throte
Now myght I for nede/synge hyer by a note
It is bad water/that cannat allay dust
And very soure ale/that can nat quenche thrust
How rowlyth my tunge/now that I without payne
Now here me I enter into the court agayne
Beholde in the court/on comon table clothys
So vyle and ragged that some his dyner lothys
Touche them/then shall they vnto thy fyngers cleue
And than must thou wype/thy handes on thy slyue
So he whiche dayly faceth in this gyse
Is so imbrued/and noynted in suche wyse
That as many men/as on his scyrtes loke
Count hym a scolyon/or ellys a gresy cooke

Corydon.

Yet Cornix/agayne/all courtynge I defy
More clennes is kept/within some hogges sty
But yet mate Cornix all be nat thus I wene
For some table clothes be kept wyte and clene
Fyner than sylke/and chaunged euery day

Cornix.

Corydon forsothe/it is as thou dost say

But these be thynges/moost chefe & prynceypall
Onely reserued/for greattest men of all
As for other clothes/whiche serue the comonte
Suche as I tolde the/or els vyler be
And styll remayne the/vnto the planke cleuynge
So black/so bawdy/so fowle and yll semynge
Of syght and of sent/vyle and abhominable
Tyll skant may a man discerne them from the table
But nowe here what meate/there nedes ete thou must
And than yf thou mayst to it apply thy lust
Thy mete in the court/is neyther swanne nor heron
Curlewe nor crane/but cowys befe & motton
Fat porke or vele/and namely suche is bought
For easyer pryce/whan they be lene and nought
Thy flesshe is reesty/or lean towgh and olde
Or it come to borde/oniauery and colde
Somtyme twyse sodden/vnclene without tast
Sawsed with coles/and asshes all for haste
Whan thou it etyst/it smellyth so of smoke
Than euery morsell/is able one to choke
Make hunger thy sawse/be thou neuer so nyse
For there shalt thou fynde none other sawse ne spyce
Thy potage is made with wedes & with asshes
And betwene thy tethe/oftyme the coles crasshes
Somtyme halfe sodden/is bothe thy flesshe & broth
The watter and herbes/togyder be so wrothe
That eche goth aparte/they can nat well agre
And oft be they salt/as water of the see
Seldom at chese/hast thon a lytell lycke
And yf thou ought haue/within it shall be quycke
All full of magottys and lyke to the raynbowe
Of dyuers colours/as read grene and yelowe

On eche syde grawen/with myse or with rattys
Or with vyle wormes/with dogges or w cattys
Unclene and scurfy/and harde as the stone
It loketh so well/thou woldest it were gone
If thou haue butter/than shall it be as yll
Or worse than thy chese/but hungar hath no skyll
And whan that egges/halfe hatched be almoost
Than are they for the/layde in the fyre to roost
If thou haue pearys/or apples by thou sure
Than be they suche as myght no more indure
And yf thou none ete/they be so good & fyne
That after dyner/they serue for the swyne
Thy oyle for fryenge is for the lampes mete
A man it chokyth/the sauour is so swete
A cordwayners shop/& it haue equall sent
Suche payne & penaunce/acordyth best to lent
Suche is of this oyle/the sauour peryllous
That it myght/serpentes dryue out of an hous
Oftyme thy stomake it causith to reboke
And of it is redy/the sodaynly to choke
Of fysshe in some court/thy chefe & vsyd dysshe
Is whytynge herynge/saltfysshe & stockfysshe
If the day be solemne/parchaunce thou mayst fele
The tast & the sapour/of tenche or ele
Theyr muddy sapour shall make thy stomake ake
And as for the ele/is cosyn to a snake
But yf better fysshe/or any dysshes more
Come to thy parte/it nought was before
Corrupt yll smellynge and .v. dayes olde
For sent/thou canst nat receyue it yf thou wolde
Thy bread is blacke/of yll sapour & tast
And hard as a flynt/bycause thou none sholde wast

That skant be thy tethe abyll it to brake
Depe it in potage / yf thou no shyft can make
And thoughe whyte & browne / be bothe at one pryce
With browne shalt ꝺ fede lest whyte myght make ꝺ
The lordys wyll alway that people note & se (nyce
Bytwene them & seruantes some dyuersyte
Thoughe it to them tourne to no profyte at all
If they haue pleasour / the seruant shall haue small
Thy dysshes be one / contynnynge the yere
Thou knowest what meate be fore thē shall apere
This slakyth great parte / of lustys and pleasour
Whiche asketh dentyes moche dyuers of sapour
On one dysshe dayly nedes shall thou blowe
Tyll thou be as wery as dogge of the bowe
But this myght be suffred / may fortune easely
If thou sawe nat sweter meates to pas by
For this vnto courters / mooste comonly doth hape
That while they haue browne bread & chese i theyr
On it fast gnawynge as houndes rauenous (lape
Anone by them passyth of meate delycyous
And costely dysses / a score may they tell
Theyr gredy gorgys at rapt with the smell
The deynteous dysshes / whiche pas throughe ꝺ hall
It were great labour for me to name them all
And Cordon all yf I wolde it were but shame
For symppyll shepherdes suche deyntyes to name
With browne bread & chese / the shepherde is content
And skant se we fysshe / past onys in the lent
And other seasons / soft chese is our fode
With butter & creame than is our dyner gode
And mylke is our myrth / and spery all appetyte
In apples and plommys / also is our delyte

These fyll the bely all yf we hunger sore
Whā mā hath ynough what nedyth hym haue more
But whan these courters syt on the benches ydyll
Smellynge those dysshes they byte on the brydyll
And than is theyr payne and anger fell as gall
Whan all passyth by/ ⁊ they haue nought at all
What fysshe is of sauour/ swete ⁊ delycyous
Whyle ẏ sore hungrest/ thy prynce hath plenteous
Rostyd or sodden in swete herbes ⁊ wyne
Or fryed in oyle/ most saporous ⁊ fyne
Suche fysshe to beholde and none therof to tast
Pure enuy causyth hye hart nere to brast
Than seynge his dysshes of flesshe newe agayne
Thy mynde hath tourmēt yet wͭ moche great payne
Well mayste thou smell the pastyes of a hart
And dyuers dentyes/ but nought shall be thy part
The crane/ the fesant/ the pecocke ⁊ curlewe
The partryche/ plouer/ byttore ⁊ heronsewe
Eche byrde of the ayre and beestes of the grounde
At prynces table/ shalt thou beholde habounde
Seasonyd so well in lycour redolent
That the hall is full of pleasant smell ⁊ sent
To se suche dysshes/ ⁊ smell the swete odour
And nothynge to tast/ is vtter dyspleasour

¶ Coridon.

¶ yes somwhat shall come/ who can his tyme abyde
And thus may I warne/ my felowe by my syde
What ete soft dromo/ ⁊ haue nat so great hast
For shortly we shall some better morsell tast
Soft man and spare thou/ a courner of thy belly
A none shall be sent vs some lytell dysshe of Jely
A legge of a swan/ a partryche or twayne

Coznir.

Nay nay Cozidon/ thy bydynge is in vayne
Thy thought shall vanysshe/ suche dysshes be nat smal
For comon courters/ of them hath nought at all
To thy next felowe/ some mozsell may be sent
To thy displeasour greate anguysshe & tourment
Wherby in thy mynde thou mayst suspect & trowe
Hym moze in fauour & in conceyt than thou
And somtyme to the is sent a lytell crape
With sauour therof to take the in a trape
Nat to alay/ thy hunger and desyze
But by the swetnes/ to set the moze on fyze
Besyde all this sozowe/ increasyd is thy payne
Whan thou beholdest befoze thy lozde payne mayne
A baker chosen & wagyd well foz thy
That onely he sholde that besynes apply
If thou one manchet/ dare handyll other touche
By cause of dutye to thzust it in thy pouche
Than shall some slouein/ the dasshe on the ere
Thou shzynkest foz shame thy bzead leuynge there

Cozidon.

My bagge full of stony & hoke in my hande
Sholde gyue me a cowzage such boldly to wstande

Coznir.

Nat so Cozidon/ they fare lyke to curres
To gyther they cleue moze fast than do burres
Thoughe echone with other oft chyde bzawle & fyght
Agaynst a poze straũger they shewe al theyz myght
It is a greate mastry foz Cozidon alone
To stryue oz comende/ with many mo than one
A strawe foz thy wysdom & artys lyberall
Foz fauour and coyne in court wozketh all

Thy prynces apples be swete ⁊ oryent
Suche as Minalcas vnto Amintas sent
Or suche as Agros dyd in his kepynge holde
Of fragrant sapour and colour lyke pure golde
In sauowre of whome thou onely hast delyte
But yf thou sholde dye no morssell shalt thou byte
His chese is costly/ fat pleasant ⁊ holsome
Though thy tethe water/ thou etest nat a crome
Upon the sewer/ well mayst thou gase ⁊ gape
Whyle he is fyllyd/ thy hunger is a Jape
Before thy souerayne shall the keruar stande
With dyuers gesture/ his knyfe in his hande
Dysmembrynge a crane/ or somwhat deynteous
And though his parsell be fat ⁊ plenteous
Thoughe vnto dyuers/ thou se hym cut ⁊ kerue
Thou gettest no gobbet/ though ẏ sholde dye ⁊ ster-
In all that thy syght hath delectacyon (ue
Thy gredy tastynge/ hath great vexacyon
What man wyll byleue/ that suche wretchyd thynge
A courter may fynde his pleasour or lyuynge
What man is he but rather wolde assent
That in suche lyuynge is anguysshe ⁊ tourment
May nat theyr tourment be well compared thus
Vnto the tourment of wretchyd Tantalus
Whiche as sayd Fawstus/ whose saynge I may thinke
In flode and fruytys/ may neyther ete nor drynke
Auncyent poetes/ this Tantalus do fayne
In hell condemnyd to suffer suche payne
That vp to the chyn/ in water doth he stande
And to his vpper lyp/ retche apples a thousande
But whan he wolde drynke/ the water doth dyscende
And whan he wolde ete/ the apples doth ascende

So both fruyt and water them kepyth at a stent
In myddes of pleasour haue courters lyke tourmēt
But now to tell table for to retourne agayne
There hast thou yet another greuous payne
That whan other talke/ ⁊ speke what they wyll
Thou dare nat whysper/ but as one dom be styl
And yf thou ought speke/ pryuey or aperte
Thou art to besy/ ⁊ callyd malaperte
If thou call for ought by worde sygne/ or becke
Thā Jacke w̄ the busshe shal tant the with a checke
One recheth the bread with grutche ⁊ murmurynge
If thou of some other demaunde any thynge
He hath at thy askynge great scorne ⁊ dysdayne
By cause ẏ thou syttest whyle he standyth in payne
Somtyme the seruauntys be blynde ⁊ ignorant
And spy nat what thynge vpon the bord doth want
If they se a fawt/ they wyll it nat attende
By neglygent scorne/ dysdaynynge it to mende
Somtyme thou wantest other bread or wyne
But nought dare thou aske yf ẏ sholde neuer dyne
Demaunde salt trenchour spone or other thynge
Than art thou importune/ ⁊ euer more crauynge
And so shall thy name be spred to thy payne
For at the shall all haue scorne ⁊ dysdayne
Somtyme art thou erkyd of them at the table
But moche more art thou of the seruynge rable
The hungry seruers/ whiche at the table stande
At euery morsell/ hath iye vnto thy hande
So moche on thy morsell dystract is theyr mynde
They gape whā thou gapyst/ oft bytynge ẏ wynde
By cause that thy leuyngys/ is only theyr part
If thou fede the well/ sore greued is theyr hart

Namely of a dysshe costly and deynteous
Eche pece that thou cuttest to them is tedyous
Than at the cupborde/one doth another tell
Se how he fedeth/lyke the deuyll of hell
Our parte he eteth/nought good shall we tast
Than pray they to god that it be thy last

Corydon.

I had leuer Cornix go souperles to bed
Than at suche a faste/to be so bested
Better it is/with chese and bread one to fyll
Than with great deynte/with anger and yll wyll
Or a small handfull/with rest and sure pleasance
Than twenty dysshes/with wrathfull countenance

Cornix.

That can Imintas recorde and testefy
But yet is in court/more payne and mysery
Brought in/by dysshes the table for to fyll
But nat one is brought/in order at thy wyll
That thou wolde haue fyrst/and loueste pryncypall
Is brought to the borde/of tymes last of all
With bread and rude mete/whan thou art sacyate
Than cometh dysshes/most swete and delycate
Than must thou other dyspyse them vtterly
Or to thy hurte/surfet/enluynge glotony
But yf it fortune/as seldom dothe befall
That at begynnynge come dysshes best of all
Or thou hast tasted/a morsell other twayne
Thy dysshe out of syght/is taken sone agayne
Slowe be the seruers/in seruynge in alway
But swyft be they/after takynge thy meat away
A specyall costom/is vsyd them amonge
No good dysshe to suffer on borde to be longe

If the dysshe be pleasant/other flesshe or fysshe
Ten handes at onys/swarme in the dysshe
And yf it be flesshe ten knyues shall thou se
Wanglynge the flesshe & in the platter fle
To put there thy hande is peryll without fayle
Without a gantelet or els a gloue of mayle
Amonge all these knyues/thou one of both must haue
Or els is it harde/thy fyngers hole to saue
Oft in suche dysshes/in court is it sene
Some leue theyr fyngers/eche knyfe is so kene
On a fynger gnawyth some hasty gloton
Supposynge it a pees/of befe or of motton
Besyde these in court mo paynes shalt thou se
At borde be men set/as thycke as they may be
The platters shall pas oftymes to & fro
And ouer the sholders/& hede shall they go
And oft all the brothe and lycour fat
Is spylt on thy gowne/thy bonet and thy hat
Somtyme art thou thrust/for lytell rowme and place
And somtyme thy felowe reboketh in thy face
Bytwene dysshe and dysshe/is tary tedyous
But in ỹ mean tyme/though ỹ haue payne greuous
Neyther mayst thou ryse/cough/spyt/or nese
Or take other easemẽt/lest thou thy name may lese
For suche as this wyse/to eas them ar wont
In nombre of rascaldes/courters them count
Of mete is none houre/nor tyme of certente
yet from begynnynge/absent yf thou be
Other shalt thou lose/thy meat and kys the post
Or yf by fauour thy sowper be nat lost
Thou shalt at lest way rebukes sour abyde
For nat attendynge & tarynge of thy tyde

Onyons or garlyke/whiche stamped Testyles
Nor yet swete lekes/mayst thou nat ete ywys

Corydon.

What forsake garlyke/lekys and butter swete
May rather wolde I go to Ely on my fete
We counte these deyntyes/and meates very good
These be chefe dysshes/and tuall mennys food

Cornix.

Who court frequenteth/must leue the dysshes swete
And lordes dysshes/to hym ar no thynge mete
As for our metys they may nat ete I thynke
By cause great lordes may nat abyde the stynke
But yet lordes syrge/and tuall mennys ordure
Be lyke of sauour/for all theyr meates pure
As for comon meatys/of them pleasour is small
By cause one seruyce/of them contynuall
Allayeth pleasour/for voluptuosyte
Wyll haue of dysshes chaunge and dyuersyte
And whan thou hast smelyd meat more delycyous
Thy course dayly fare/to the is tedyous
Now Judge Corydon/yf here in be pleasour
We thynke it angursshe sorowe & dolour
Contynuall care and vter mysery
Affliccyon of herte/& wretchyd penury
But many folys thynke it is nothynge so
Whyle they se courters outwarde so gayly go
The courters seruantys cloth syluer & golde
And other lyke thynges/delyte they to beholde
But nough they regard/the inward mysery
Whiche them oppressyth in court contynually
And as sayth Seneke/some count them fortunate
Whiche outwarde apere/well clothed or ornate

But yf thou behelde theyr inwarde wretchydnes
Theyr dayly trouble/theyr fruytles besynes
Than wolde thou count them bothe vyle & mysserable
Theyr rowme and offyce/bothe fals & deceyuable
For lyke as men paynt/olde wallys ruynous
So by they paynted/theyr lyfe contrarious
And therfore all they whiche serue in court gladly
For tast or smellynge/or spyce of glotony
Haue lyke more wretchyd/than burgyes or marchant
Whiche with theyr wyues haue loue & lyfe pleasant
Shepherdes haue nat so wretchyd lyfe as they
Though they leue porely on cruddes chese & whey
On apples plommes/and drynke clere watter depe
As it were lordes reynynge amonge theyr shepe
The wretchyd lasar/with clynkynge of his bell
Hath lyfe whiche doth the courters lyfe excell
The caytyf begger hath meate & lyberte
Whan courters hunger/in harde captyuyte
The pore man beggyth/nothynge hurtynge his name
As towchig courters they dare nat begge for shame
And an olde prouerbe is layd by men moost sage
That oft ponge courters be beggers in theyr age
Thus all those wretchys/whiche doth ỹ court frequēt
Bynge nat to purpos theyr myndes nor intent
But yf theyr myndes & wyll were sacyate
They ar nat better/therby nor fortunate
Than all be folys concludynge with this clawse
Which wt glad myndes vse courtyng for suche cause

Colidon.

Now truly Cornir/ryght playnly hast thou tolde
Of court and courters/the paynes many folde
And as I suppose there can no more remayne

Thy wyt and councell hath ryd me fro great payne
If I had plenty of treasour and ryches
I sholde or I went rewarde thy besynes
But nede oft hurteth good maners commendable
Cornix.
What man woll gladly gyue/that is nat able
But one habundynge in treasour and ryches
Is ware in gyuynge/or yet to make promes
Thy wyll is ynough/syth that thy store is thyn
I aske of the for no ferther than the skyn
But longe is to nyght/therfore I shall gladly
Coridon.
What more yet declare of courtly mystery
Thou hast tolde ynough/by all these crosses ten
Almost for to choke vpon a thousand men
Cornix.
That I promysed/right wolde I sholde fulfyll
yet more shall I towche/yf thou can holde ꝑ styll
I sayd fyrst that some/but they be sawyn thyn
Resorte vnto the court/there sowles for to wyn
For w̄ great prynces/whyle suche men remayne
They thynke by counsell by besynes & payne
Thefely to labour for the vtylyte
Of dyuers caulys towchynge the comonte
Pore men supportynge/and chyldren faderles
And helpynge wydowes/also in theyr dystres
So moche more wenynge/to pleas our lorde therby
Bycause they contende in payne & Jeopardy
Of these must I cure/the myndes ignorant
Whiche be more folys than all the remenant
All yf they repute themselfe/neuer so sage
yet shall I proue themselfe stuffyd with dotage

¶ Coridon.

¶ Declare that Cornix/that fayne wolde I here
We haue tyme ynough/yet doth the sonne apere

¶ Cornix.

¶ Of this forsayd sorte/scant any fynde we shall
But that requyreth some lucre temporall
But neuertheles/now fayne we suche a one
Whiche seketh in court for no promocyon
But only intende/there sowles for to wyn
And as a champyon/to fyght agaynst syn
Solde wyse men suppose in court so to preuayle
Lost is theyr labour/theyr stody & trauayle
Or sholde a good man/whiche loueth honeste
Put hym in thraldom/or in captyuyte
Of prynces seruyce/his sowle to wyn therby
Say men what them lyst/me thynkyth ẏ contrary
For in court required/so many a syn and vyce
And so many wayes/from vertue to attyse
And so many meanys/ledynge to vicyousnes
That there may a man/skant byde in his goodnes
For as a bad horse/resty and flyngynge
Oft kestyth a man/though he be well syttynge
In lyke maner wyse man and rygghtwyse
Resortynge to court/dyscendyth vnto vyce
All yf his reason and wyll also deny
In court hath the fende/suche frawde & polesy
By mean that vyces haue there no punysment
For lust & suffrance/make myndes insolent
But syn & synners/lye dayly so in wayte
Agaynst good lyuynge/to lay theyr deadely bayte
That the beste lyuers/from way of grace declyne
By there occasyon/impellyth to ruyne

He fallyth in rockys/ & peryll consequent
By force of tempest and wyndes vyolent
¶ Coridon.
¶ What man in court is neytheyr roke nor sande
Dyffusly thou spekyst/ & to vnderstande
¶ Cornix.
¶ I speke in parable/ or by symylytude
Who nat perceyuyth his reason is but rude
But mate Coridon/ I tell the before
That what I shall say or yet haue close in store
Of dyuers auctours/ I lernyd of Codrus
And he it lernyd/ of shepherd Siluius
This Codrus sayd/ that Plato the great sage
Of Athenence court/ aduertynge the outrage
Purposyd rather to fle to solytude
Than lyue in honour amonge suche vyces rude
Than knowe well thy selfe/ what so euer thou be
Whiche to sue the court hast thy felicyte
And note yf thy selfe be better than plato
Note well the powre/ yf thou haue wyll also
As well as Plato/ yll costom to refrayne
If thou so thynkest/ thou thynkest thynge in vayne
In court must a man/ sayle after euery wynde
Hymselfe conformynge/ to euery manners mynde
Serue euery season/ confourme hym to the tyme
Be comon with mo/ though it be in some cryme
He must rule nature/ & yet he wote not whither
After the season/ nowe hyther & nowe thyther
And in his maner he must dyrect his lyfe
With heuy persones/ hym must he shewe pensyfe
With men at leyser/ whiche wyll them recreate
He must be ioconde/ after theyr vse and rate

With aged persones/ he must hym haue sadly
With youth behaue hym iocounde and merely
With auenturous men/ whiche seke on cruelte
He must shewe hym blode & of audacyte
With lyuers beestly/ insuynge carnall lust
Lyue lecherously/ forsothe he nedys must
And who so refuseth than is his nature wronge
He shall nat in the court ryse nor contynue longe
But Coridon/ thou myght obiect vnto me more
That ye sayd Plato/ whiche fled from court before
Came longe whyle after/ and was in the seruyce
Of Dionisius/ the Tyran of Silyce
It is as thou sayst/ but harken to the ende
This Tyrannys vyce/ whyle he dyd reprehende
All yf the Tyran counted his name diuyne
As vnder colour/ to folowe his doctryne
The cruell Tyran/ his malyce to fulfyll
Solde this same Plato/ mawgre his mynde & wyl
But thus entreatyd/ was Plato nat alone
The wrathe of prynces/ proued haue many one
And namely of suche as wysest were Iwys
As Zenon murdred/ by Tyran Phalaris
His godly wysdom/ nor honour of his age
Coude hym nat socoure/ so dyd the Tyran rage
Arracreontes/ somtyme of Cypres kynge
Slewe Anaxagoras/ for all his great connynge
And by commaundement/ of Theodoricus
Without all mercy/ slayne was Boecius

¶ Coridon.

¶ These be far matters and thynges veray olde

¶ Cornix.

¶ Euyn suche they be/ as Codrus to me tolde

And yet many mo/ he countyd to me playne
Of worthy clerkes/ whom fel princes hath slayne
But all to recount/ me thynke it is nat best
That askyth leyser/ the sonne is nere at rest
Scant tyme remayneth/ to tell that is beside
Except we purpose here all the nyght abyde

Cozidon.

Late at our churche ale/ syr Sampson to me tolde
A tale of moyses & other Prophetes olde
How the same moyses and many of lyke sort
To princes courtes dyd oftentyme resorte
He sayd that moyses though he of tonge were rude
Left his hole flocke/ behynde in solytude
And he with Aaron/ togyther both dyd go
On goddys message vnto kynge Pharao
Also syr Sampson recounted vnto me
A lyke narracyon of prophete Helyse
But Cozmir/ my mynde is moche obliuyous
And longe hystoryes to here be tedious

Cozmir.

As touchynge moyses and many prophetys mo
I graunte/ they were wont to princes for to go
These men were godly/ it foly were to say
That all men sholde haue suche priuilege as they
These were messangers of god of Israell
And fynde can we nat/ that they in court dyd dwell
But whan they had sayd goddes commaundement
They left bothe court and princes in continent
Joseph alonly/ abode with Pharao
Thordinance of god had erst dyspoled so
To helpe his nacyon/ in tyme after to come
By his prouisyon/ and maruelous wysdome

I graunte the also/ Mawricius & Martyne
Sebastian/ George & other men dyuyne
Seruyd in court & dyd chyualry
And neuertheles/ thy lyued holely
But this Mawricius dyd chrystened become
And with his legion/ receyued marterdome
Lyke wyse saynt George & saynt Sebastian
Dyspysynge ydolles whiche countrys vied than
Suffered harde deth by many folde tourment
For loue and true fayth of god omnipotent
But durynge the tyme/ these dyd in the court remayne
No namys of sayntes/ men gaue to them certayne
And holy martyn/ whan he was come to age
Gaue ouer the court/ and fyred his cowrage
In goddys seruyce/ remaynynge stedfastly
For he perceyuyd/ & knewe ryght perfytely
That of pore wydowes & chyldren faderles
The cause nat entryth in to the court doutles
Theyr matters quealeth/ for solde is all iustyce
And euery speche/ of rybaudry and vyce
Also in courtes/ of mercy founde is nought
And of relygyon/ no scleyf it were sought
Enuy possessyth the place of charyte
Onely Ambicion hath there auctoryte
These vyces to resyste/ passyth humayne doctryne
Wan they ouercome/ except wysdom dyuyne
If god do nat socoure it passyth mannys myght
With suche occasyon/ contynually to fyght
This knewe saynt Martyn/ by syght contynuall
Yet nought hym mouyd by help celestiall
And though he lyued in court ryght holely
He wolde no lenger insue that chyualry

And yet many mo/ he countyd to me playne
Of worthy clerkes/ whom fel prynces hath slayne
But all to recount/ me thynke it is nat best
That askyth leyser/ the sonne is nere at rest
Scant tyme remayneth/ to tell that is besyde
Except we purpose here all the nyght abyde

¶ Corydon.

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With suche occasyon/ contynually to fyght
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Yet nought hym moud by help celestiall
And though he lyued in court ryght holely
He wolde no lenger insue that chyualry

Nor leue example / to other men to come
To lyue / where reygneth no vertue nor wysdome
As whan it was asked of Cryst our sauyour
What sholde a man do / of penaunce or labour
Or other dedys to wyn eternall blys
He bed nat a man / ren to the court ywys
Ne sayd nat go folowe a prynce er lorde or kynge
But go sell thy ryches / and other worldly thynge
Dyspyse all the worlde / and worldly vanyte
For so haue I done / than come & folowe me
In this cause / our lorde hath made no mencyon
Of folowynge the court / for vayne promocyon
Than let men take hede / though they be vertuous
Lest whyle they folowe a thynge so perylous
In court suppolynge / theyr sowles for to wyn
Lest there they lose them / by fallynge into syn
For there be snarys and gylys infynyte
The fende is redy / occasyon to ercyte
In euery corner some enuy shalt thou mete
And stomblynge stonys lay hyd before thy fete
Full harde is it there / Ambicyon to refayne
Auarice to slake / it is a great payne
To tame enuy / & wrath to mitigate
And in occasyon onclenlynes to hate
Harde is it dayly to be amonge these same
And none of them all / thy pleasour to inflame
But yf there be any / whiche can his lust subdue
Amonge all wyces / to kepe them in vertue
As a precyous stone / clene in the myddes of myre
Or lye in flamys / nat greuyd with the fyre
Or touche soft pytche and nat his fyngers fyle
If suche one be founde / within a thousande myle

I wyll nat deny/but that he may well flie
After court/and folowe/nat hurtynge his vertue
So moche more merytc/shall suche a man procure
How moche more he dothe/of ieopardy endure
But this is my mynde/& lure opynyon
That suche as resorte/vnto the court echone
Be rather ouercome/by syn & vilyousines
Than they can vyces vaynquysshe and repres
For man of his nature/is apt to syn & vyce
And with great hardnes dothe vertue exercyse
Example of chyldren/whiche yf they haue theyr wyll
Be lesse dyspoled to goodnes/than to yll
I harde Menalcas synge/this vnto his drone
That scripture sayth/that mankynde is nat prone
In youth and age/his pleasour to ensure
In easy lustes/than hardnes of vertue
Therfore I councell/thyselfe my Corydon
Amintas/Codrus/and shepherdes echone
And all of other men whiche wyll them saue fro hell
That none of them all/presume with court to mell
For there is the sowle in ieopardy by cryme
And after lyfe is lost be surffet or due tyme
For other must a man vnto his pryncc assent
Laughe at his vyces and be with them content
Than lost is thy sowle/els his fawtys blame
Than shalt thou his Ire agaynst the inflame
As Cirus the kynge somtyme of persy lande
Had one Arpolus/chefe frende of a thousand
Because Arpolus/onys blamyd his offence
The wrathfull tyran/by madmaly uolence
Caused Arpolus/vnwarly at a feste
To ete his Chyldren as they lyke meate were dreste

And thus Arpolus to his chyldren was a graue
For blamige thy prynce suche reward mayst ȳ haue
Ryght so Cambyses/in hasty furour slewe
The sone of his frend whiche was to hym most true
By cause that his frende/hym blamyd for dronknes
Of suche examples/be many mo doutles

Cozidon.

I haue hard Codzus oft tymes testefy
How Aristotle/prynce of philosophy
Sued the tentys/with lawdes and honour
Of Alexander the myghty conquerour

Cozmr.

Thou lytell knowest what causyd hym do so
Or yf he frely had lyberte to go
Truly I suppose/it was agaynst his hart
And that he myght nat at lyberte departe
But many other ryght wozthy hye honour
Also insured/that myghty conqueront
As Calystynes of hye dyscressyon
And also Crito/whiche was his nozsys son
And bolde Lichimachus/folowyd hym in fyght
Whiche was a phylosopher/ȝeke a wozthy knyght
And many mo els that I can count oz tell
But here Cozidon what vnto these befell
For that Calistines forbad men to honour
Great Alexander as god of mooste valour
After suche costome as was in Persy lande
Therfoze had he cut/from body/fote and hande
His nose ȝ eares/of trenchyd were also
His yen out dygged foz to increas his wo
Than by commaundement of the conquerour
Was thzust into pzyson to byde in moze dolour

Endurynge his lyfe/ there euer to remayne
But whā Lisimachus for to make short this payne
Rechyd hym poysen/ his cruell conquerour
Made hym be throwen to lyons to deuour
And at a banket/ as erst was towchyd playne
By Alexander was the sayd Crito slayne
For blamynge of hym by cause that he dyd blame
His father dedes/ Philippus by his name
Therfore Corydon after my iugement
And as I beleue thou wylt therto assent
They all be folys/ whiche sue to court so sore
For all suche causys/ as towched ar before
Or to wyn sowles/ be there content to serue
Theyr owne sowle puttinge in daūger for to sterue
For other do they seke and hunt about in vayne
And theyr desyres there shall they nat obtayne
Or ye thynge they seke/ whiche shal do them dammage
Els be they throwen in suche a blynde dotage
That of two waynes/ they chose moost Ieopardous
All full of thornes/ and besynes perylous
All yf they myght well to theyr desyre attayne
By way more easy/ more short & voyde of payne

Corydon.

O marueylous matter and well brought to an ende
I can nat be able thy reason to commende
Nor yet to rewarde the thynge that thou haste done
Though I had ryches/ & wyt lyke Salamon
Thou haste me sauyd/ by councell sapient
Out of hell mouth/ & any folde tourment
But nowe is it tyme/ to drawe to our cotage
The day is endyth/ ryght so is our langage

Finis.

¶ Thus endyth the seconde eglogge
of the myserye of courtys
and courters.

¶ Here begynneth the thyrde and last eglogge
of the misery and behauyour of courtys
and courters.

Corydon.

After sore labour/swete rest is delectable
And after lõge nyght day lyght is cõfortable
And many wordes requyreth moche drynke
The throte well washyd thã loue ỹ wyll to wynke
This nyght with me/it prouyd other wyse
I dranke to bedwarde/as is my comon gyse
But suche rest/had I tyll it was on the morne
As had my mother/the nyght that I was borne

Cornix.

Of that I maruayle/for thou art wont alway
To sleap and to snort/tyll tyme that it be day
But how hapenyd this/now tell me Corydon
That thou had this nyght so sore veracion

Corydon.

I was so drenchyd with dreamys a drad so sore
I trowe neuer man was troubled so before
Me thought in the court I taken was in trap
And there sore handled/god gyue it an yll hap
Me thought the scolyons/lyke fendes of there lokes
Came some w̃ whyttles/some other w̃ flesshe hokes
Me thought that they stode echone about me thycke
With knyues redy for to flea me quicke
So had I slepynge as moche of fear ⁊ drede
As I sholde wakynge/haue lost my skyn in dede
With suche a vision/I troublyd was all nyght
Wherfore I ioyed/what tyme I sawe day lyght
For as soone as euer I hard the brydes pepe
For fear of dreamys/no lenger durst I slepe
But stert fro my bede/as lyghtly was I prest
Almost as a bryde/out fleeth from hyr nest
So cawght I my male/my hotelland my hoke

And forth with my flocke/ anone my way I toke
But tell me Cornir/ I pray the hartely
What thynge this my dream/ may note & signify

Cornir.

I drede lyst some one/ fulfyllyd/ with yll wyll
Had hard our talkynge/ & it reportyd yll
Whiche may vs after cause rather wepe than synge
For yll wyll makyth/ the worst of euery thynge
But than doth one thynge/ well comfort me agayne
Forst men ar wont/ of that to dream certayne
Wherwith theyr myndes/ in walkynge trowbled be
A strawe for dreamys/ they be but vanyte
And as for me/ I no man dyscommende
If scabbyd clawe/ the trouth shall me defende
But how Corydon/ thy head is in thy lap
What nowe so erly begynnest thou to nap

Corydon.

Who hath nat slept/ nor restyd all the nyght
Must sleap by day/ els shall his brayne be lyght
But Cornir yf thou lyst/ me for to kepe and wake
Talke of some mattes agayne for goddes sake
For so shall the tyme ouerpasse with lytell payne
God knowyth whan we shall mete after agayne

Cornir.

I graunte Corydon/ for recreacyon
Of court yet to haue/ more cōunicacyon

Corydon.

All mysery of court/ thou hast all redy tolde

Cornir.

Nay nay Corydon/ nat by a thousande folde
We shall haue mater/ nere tyll this yeres ende
To talke of courtes/ yf I myght it entende

But this one day of part well may we talke
As for the other I force nat let it walke
Corydon.
Thã syth downe Cornix/ lean here agayne this bãke
As for our talkynge we gett but lytell thanke
Cornix.
We gett as moche almost as we deserue
I loke for no thãke nor mete though I sholde sterue
In court shall men fynde yet many paynes mo
Some shall I touche/ lett all the other go
Bycause that of slepynge was our fyrst cõmonynge
Here nowe what paynes haue courters in slepynge
They oftentyme slepe/ full wretchedly in payne
And lay all the nyght/ forth in colde wynd & rayne
Somtyme in bare strawe/ on bordes grouñde or stonys
Tyll bothe theyr sydes ake and all theyr bonys
And whan that one syde aketh and is wery
Than tourne the other/ lo here a remedy
Or ellys must he ryse and walke hymselfe a space
Tyll tyme his ioyntes be satled in theyr place
But yf it fortune thou lye within some towne
In bed of fethers/ or ellys of easy downe
Than make the redy/ for flyes and for gnattys
For lyse for fleas/ punaysys myse & rattys
These shal with bytynge/ with stynkynge dru & souñde
Make ỹ worys easment/ than yf thou lay on grauñde
And neuer in the court shalt thou haue bed alone
Saue whan thou woldest moost gladly lye w̃ one
Thy shetys shall be onclene/ ragged and rent
Lothly vnto syght/ but lothlyer to sent
In whyche some other/ departyd late before
Of the pestylence/ or of some other sore

Suche a bedfelawe men shall to the assygne
That it were better to slepe amonge the swyne
So fowle and scabyd of harde pymples so thyn
That a man myght grate hard erustes on his skyn
And all the nyght longe shall he his sydys grate
Better lay on ground / than lay with suche a mate
One coughyth so faste / another breth doth stynke
That durynge ye nyght / skant mayst ye gett a wynke
Somtyme a leper / is sygned to thy bed
Or with other sore / one greuously bested
Somtyme thy bedfelawe is colder than is yse
To hym than he drawith / thy clothys with a tryse
But yf he be hote / by feuers than shall he
Cast all the clothys / & couerlet on the
Other is thy felawe alway to the greuous
Or els thou to hym art alway tedyous
And somtyme these courters / them more to incomber
Slepe all in one chamber / nere twenty in nomber
Than it is great sorowe / for to abyde theyr showt
Some fert some flyngyth / & other snort & rowt
Some boke & some bable / some comyth dronke to bed
Some brawle & soe Jangel whā they be beestly fed
Some laughe & some crye / eche man wyl haue his wyl
Some spue & some pysse / nat one of them is styll
Neuer be they styll tyll myddes of the nyght
And than some brawlyth & for theyr beddes fyght
And oft art thou sygned to loge nere the stable
Than there shalt thou here of rascoldes a rable
Somtyme shalt thou here / how they eche other smyte
The nyenge of horses / & how eche other byte
Neuer shall thou knowe thy lodgynge or thy nest
Tyll all thy betters / be sadled & at rest

In ynnes be straungers/and gestys many one
Of courters lyues/make there conclusyon
And where they be knouen of neyther man nor wyfe
Oft tymes courters/there ende theyr wretchyd lyf
Than shall the hosteler be theyr executour
Or suche other rybaude shall/that was his deuour
Makynge the tapster/comyth gay & feat
His shert/his doublet or bonet to excheat
For flesshe that he bought & payd nought therfore
Than is she extreme/for he shall come no more
But a comon in/yf that thou lodge or lye
Thou neuer canst lay vp/thy gere so pryuely
But other it is stolne/or chaungyd with a thought
And for a good/thou hast a thynge of nought
For some arcant theuys/shall in thy chamber lye
And whyle thou slepyst/they ryse shall pryuely
All yf thou thy powche vnder thy pylowe lay
Some one crafty sercher/therat shall haue assay
Baudes and brethels/& flaterynge tapstres
Joglers & pypers and scorfy waferers
Flaterers & hostlers/and other of this secte
Ar besy in thy chambre/chattynge with none effect
With brawlynge they entre fyrst padyant of thy play
That nought mayst ẏ here what wyser men do say
Suche is theyr showtynge ẏ scantly mayst thou here
The secrete folowe/whiche by thy syde is nere
But rurall flymmers/& other of our sort
Unto thy lodgynge/or court whan they resorte
They chat they babyll/and all/but of the wombe
More pert & more peuisshe thā they wold be at home
Though thou wolde slepe indurynge all the nyght
Some synge/some morne/theyr lēman out of syght

Somelynge of Belly/ & some of Mane or kate
Namely whan I your dystourbed hath the pate
The brotell boteman/ and wretchyd labozer
Cesse nat to synge/ be vytayle neuer so dere
Who can with suche haue quietnes or rest
But yf thou with slepe/ at last be oppzest
And that soze labours/ to slepe the constrayne
Rumour the raylyth & wakenyd agayne
On moznynge whan thou myght slepe moost quietly
Than must thou aryse there is no remedy
For what tyme thy lozde vnto his hozs is prest
Than ought no seruaunt/ lye in his bed at rest

Cozidon.

Now Cozmir I se that with a brawlynge wyfe
Better were to byde/ contynuynge my lyfe
And to here chyldzen cryenge on euery syde
Than thus in the court this/ clamour to abyde

Cozmir.

No dout Cozidon/ but here moze mysery
Whiche in theyz lodgynge/ haue courters comonly
Men must wyn the marshall/ or ellys herbegere
With pryce or w̄ prayer els must thou stande arere
And rewarde theyz knauys/ must thou yf thou be able
For to assygne the/ a lodgynge tolerable
And though they promyse yet shal they nought fulfyll
But poynte the place/ nothynge after thy wyll
Other nere a preuey/ a stable or a synke
For sent & for clamour where ỹ can haue no wynke
After thy rewarde they shall the so manace
That malgre thy tethe thou must resigne thy place
And that to some one whiche is thy ennemy
yf they be pleased there is no remedy

But yet for certayne/it were thynge tollerable
To becke & to bowe/to personys honorable
As to the marshall/or yet the herbeger
Or gentyll personys/whiche vnto them be nere
But this is a werke/a trouble and great payne
Somtyme must thou stoupe/vnto a rude vyllayne
Callynge hym mayster/and oft clawe his hande.
All yf thou wolde se hym wawer in a bande
For yf thou lyue in court/ȳ must rewarde this rable
Cokes & scolyons/and fermers of the stable
Butlers & butchers/prouenders & bakers
Porters and powlers/& specyally false takers
On these & all lyke/spare must thou none expence
But mekely with mede/bye there benevolence
But namely of all/it is a greuous payne
To abyde the porter/yf he be a vyllayne
How oftentymes shall he the yatys close
Agaynst thy stomake/thy forhede or thy nose
How oftentymes/whan thy one fote is in
Shall he by malyce/out thrust the be thy chyn
Somtyme his fader/somtyme his clubbysshe fete
Shall dryue ȳ backewarde/& tourne ȳ to the strete
What he the sayth/commynge yf he syt
How oftentymes shall he the yatys shyt
For very pleasour and ioye of thy cōmynge
The yatys he closyth/lo here a pleasant thynge
All yf thou hast/well rewarded hym before
Without thou standest/in rayne & tempest sore
And in the meane tyme/a rascolde or vylayne
Shall neuer whyle thou art bathyd in the rayne
Somtyme the porter his malyce shall excuse
And say vnto the/thy labour to abuse

That other is the lorde/a slepe or in councell
Than lost is thy labour/myspent is thy trauayll
Coridon.
Of our pore howles/men soone may konwe the gyn
So at our pleasour/we may go out and in
If courtys be suche/me thynketh without dout
They best be at eas whiche so remayne without
For better be without/wete to the skyn with rayne
Than euer in court & lyue in endles payne
For yf hell patys/dyd nat styll opes gape
Thã wretchyd sowles/great tourmẽt sholde escape
Ryght so/yf the court were close contynually
Some men sholde escape greate payne & mysery
But Cornir procede/tell on of courters care
Cornir.
Well sayd Coridon/god geue the well to farre
Now wolde I speke of paynes of the ware
But that me thynkyth is best for to dyffarre
For yf thy lorde in batayle haue delyte
To sue the warre/be paynys infynyte
For whyle he warryth/thou mayst nat abyde at home
Thy lust to cherysshe/& pleasour of thy wombe
To sue an army/than hast thou wretchyd payne
Of colde or of heat/of thrust hunger & rayne
And mo other paynes than I wyll specyfy
For nought is in warrefare/saue care and mysery
Murder and myschefe/rappyns & cowardyse
Or els cruelte/there reygneth nought but vyce
Whiche here to recounte/were longe & tedyous
And to our purpose in part contraryous
Therfore let pas/the warrys mysery
The dredefull daungers/& wretchyd penury

And of these Cytees/talke we a word or twayne
In whiche no man can lyue auoyde of payne
For whether so euer the court remoue or flyt
All the veracyons/remoue alway with it
If thou for solace into the towne resorte
There shalt thou mete/of men as bad a sort
With at thy clothynge/& the shall haue dysdayne
If thou be besy/the club shall do the payne
There be nowe customs/and actys in lyke wyse
None mayst thou scorne/nor none of them despyse
Than must thou eche day begyn to lyue on newe
As for in Cytees I wyll no more remayne
But tourne my talkynge/now to the court agayne
After of this may we/haue cõmunycacyon
Of Cytezyns/and of theyr veracyon
Whether that thy lorde syt/or yet stande erect
Styll mayst thou stande/or els shall thou be chect
Thy head and legges shall fynde no rest nor eas
If thou in court intende alway to pleas
Oft must thou becke/styll stande and euer bare
To wors than thy selfe/whiche is a payne & care
What shall I comon/the pensyfnes and payne
Of courters/or they/theyr wagys can obtayne
Howe moche dyfferrynge/& howe moche abatynge
Must courters suffer/and manyfolde checkynge
Neuer hast thou the hole somtyme shall they abate
Or els shall the day/of payment be to late
From Robert to Johñ/somtyme they shall the sende
And than none of bothe/to pay the/may entende
From post vnto pyller/tossyd shall thou be
Scorned and blynded/with frawde and subtylte
Some mayst thou beholde/sighynge for great sorowe

Whan he is apoynted to come agayne to morowe
For many a morowe hath he ben seruyd so
Another standyth his hart replete with wo
Countyng and tournynge his gotys in his cap
Prayynge god to sende the payer an euyll hap
For where he reknened/ for to receyue a pounde
Skant hath he halfe/ suche checkes be there founde
Neuer shall the courtet receyue hole salary
Except that he rewarde/ the payer pryuely
Whan nede constraynyth somwhat to haue before
He gladly receyueth/ a doseyn for a score.
Neuer canst thou make/ thy couenaunt so clere
But that the payer shall brynge the fat arere
All yf thou ryght well/ thy couenaunt fulfyll
It shall the payer/ interprete at his wyll
For all that blynde sort/ ar chokyd with auaryse
As cratchers of coyne/ ensewynge couetyse
But somwhat to speke/ of thynges necessary
These do all courters/ cares multyply
Nowe for one thynge they labour to obtayne
Nowe for another/ and often all in vayne
And though theyr askynge be neyther ryght ne iust
yet neuer stynt they/ tyll they haue had theyr lust
But yf it fortune/ theyr prayer & theyr coste
Be spent all in vayne/ than is theyr reason loste
Than lurke they in corners for a month or twayne
For wo that theyr labour and prayer was in vane
Some with theyr prynces/ so standeth in fauour
That they may auance theyr kynred to honour
But than is theyr kynred so bad of gouernance
That all yf they may/ they dare nat them auance
But how be it they durst/ they drede of worldly shame

Or punyishmēt of god/or ellys theyr princes blame

¶ Coridon.

¶ Now doutles Cornix/that man is moche onwyse
Whiche lyftyth folys vnworthy to offyce
But oft tyme fauour and carnall affeccyon
Abusyth the ryght/blyndynge dyscressyon

¶ Cornix.

¶ If thou had musyd a yere for this onclause
Thou coude nat a sayed/more profytely the cause
Besyde this/Coridon fewe by the lorde aboue
Haue of these courters/true sure & perfyte loue
For Codrus tolde me/what wrytyth ysocrate
That all these prynces and euery great estate
In louynge regarde/no vertue nor prudence
None loue they/but of some hasty violence
Without auysement/without dyscrecyon
Suche loue oft prouyth faynt at conclusyon
But yf they loue any they loue hym nat as frynde
Bytwene lyke & lyke/best frendshyp shall we fynde
For truly great lordes/loue suche men with delyte
By them whan they take some pleasour or profyte
As they loue horsys/dogges & mo suche
What sayd I. I lye/they loue them nat so moche
More loue they a hors or dogge than a man
Aske of Minalcas the trouthe declare he can
For comonly as sone as any man is deade
Another is sone redy/for to fulfyll his stede
With mede & with prayer/his place is derely bought
So oft haue prynces theyr seruyce clere for nought
But than yf it fortune/a dogge or hors to dye
His place to fulfyll/another must they bye
Yet lytell haue I sayd/wors in the court they fare

Nat onely thy lorde shall for thy deth nought care
For thy longe seruyce/ oft shall he wysshe the dede
Suche is in court/ thy salayre and thy mede
Other for thy seruyce/ longe and contynuall
Thou hast of thy lorde/ receyue nought at all
And whan thou arte dead with short conclusyon
Than qnite is thy seruyce/ and oblygacyon
And oft shall thy lorde sound swetely forth this A
A that this man/ so sone is gone away
yf he had lyued longer/ a small season
I sholde haue put hym to great promocyon
Or els yf thy lorde/ hath well rewardyd the
That thou hast lyuelod/ & ryches in plente
Than yf thou dye/ byleue me for certayne
Surely trustyth/ for to haue all agayne
Scant any ryche man by deth hence now shall fare
But that some great lorde wyll loke to be his heyre

Corydon.

That is no leasynge/ but prouyd often trewe
That causyd wydows/ of tymes sore to rewe
But this hath ben sene/ forsothe and euer shall
That the greater fysshe deuoureth vp the small

Cornix.

A ryght true example/ mate Corydon doutles
So myghty rulers/ the symple folke oppres
But what care in court is/ now here my Corydon
Concernynge thy lorde/ or maysters owne parson
Of prynces or comons thou fyndest seldome tyme
One profytely good & spottyd with no cryme
For all suche thynges as seldome tyme befall
Tully was wont the monstres for to call
Than is a good man/ more monster in dede

Than is a wether hauynge a dowble head
And in lyke wyse/ rehersyth Iuuenall
That yf a man wolde seke ouer the worlde all
So many good man vnetys fynde sholde he
As there be yates/ in Thebes the Cyte
That is to say vnder the cop of heuen
Of parfyte good men/ scant shall a man fynde seuen
And holy scrypture/ yet speketh more straytly
As shepherd Dauid/ doth clerly testefy
He sayd our lorde beholdynge on mankynde
Coude skant one good/ in all the worlde fynde
Scripture recordeth/ suche causes many one
That men be synners/ & god in good alone

¶ Coridon.

¶ Whan now mate Cornix/ Aygh man god auowe
Thou hast in some frerys bosome bene I trowe
And spoyled some patche of his prechement
Talke of the court/ saue this in store for lent

¶ Cornix.

¶ So was my purpos thou nedyst nought obiect
Of our fyrst purpos these wordes haue effect
I tolde the before/ by good auctoryte
How bothe the poetis/ and oratours agre
And holy scrypture/ that fewe men be parfyte
But bad in nomber/ be truly infenyte
So yf thy mayster be bad & worthy blame
Than art thou sory/ of his dyshonest name
Thy lordys vyces/ and lyuynge neglygent
Shall greue thy stomake yf thou be innocent
It greuyth the/ yf he be couetous or harde
Bycause he daynyth/ thy labour to rewarde
And for many thynges/ fayle by his neglygence

And fall to ruyne for sparynge of expence
Agayne yf thy lorde/ be fre & lyberall
Alway thou fyrst lest other men haue all
His prodygall hand/ oft verily sore thy harte
Lest at the endynge/ nought shall come to thy parte
And lest his treasour/ in foly so he spende
That no thynge remayne to helpe hym at the ende
But yf he be gyuen/ to wrath and cruelte
Thou feareste lest he rage/ agayne thy kyn or the
If he be meke mylde and sober/ thou art sory
For he nat reuengyth/ eche hurt and iniury
And yf he be harde/ than dredest thou daunger
Whan he procedyth than standest thou arere
If he be coward/ than hast thou great enuy
Agayne his foes/ for they contynually
Dystroy his londys and sore his name dystayne
Whan he for drede/ dare no thynge do agayne
If he vse chattynge & of tyn be talkynge
Well thou perceyuest ỹ whyle his tonge is walkyng
His prynie councell/ he oftyn dothe detect
And moche he spekyth/ whiche is of none effect
If he be secrete and styll as one in slepe
Thou sayst he douteth/ that none can councell kepe
And the suspectyth as moche as other mo
Than art thou greuyd and full of care & wo
If he loue wynes & thou feareste dronkenes
If he hate wynes & thou blameste his sadnes
And to his body thou counteste hym nygarde
By cause he wolde kepe his howsholde ỹ more harde
To venus actis/ yf he to moche aply
Thou sayst he to many doth hurt and iniury
If he hate wymen/ & fle theyr pleasour than

Bothe thou and other reputeſt hym no man
With fewe men / yf he vſe familyarite
Thou art dyſpleaſyd of them yf thou nat be
If he be comon / to all indyfferent
Than is thy mynde in lyke wyſe dyſcontent
By cauſe he loueth familyer to be
To euery perſone / as greatly as with the
But yf that thy prynce be good and thou be nought
Thã art thou in lyke wyſe ſore verid in thy thought
Leſt that he ſhortly / thy ieruyce may dyſpyſe
By cauſe he nat lyuyth / after thy lewde gyſe
But yf bothe be good and of all vyces clene
Whiche is a thynge that ſeldome tyme is ſene
Than moneſt thou / for that he is nat fortunate
As he is ordeyned / and after his eſtate
Thy hart and mynde all thou to hym inclyne
That all his troubles and payne ſhall be thyne
For this without dout / I tell the Corydon
That no father is ſo tender ouer his ſon
As is a good ſeruaunt / dylygent and true
Unto a noble prynce endewed with vertue
And all yf good fortune to hym be fauourable
yet ſtyll thou dredeſt / bycawſe it is vnſtable
Thus neuer ſhalt thou ſleape in peas & quietnes
But whan thou wakeſt thy reſt is moche les

Corydon.

By cauſe thou recounteſt / of thy fydelyte
Of mayſters and men / whiche loueth honeſte
Now I remember the ſhepherde of the fen
And what care for hym demeanyd all his men
And ſhepherd Morton / whan he durſt nat apere
How his olde ſeruantys were careful of theyr chere

In payne and pleasour / they kept fydelyte
Tyll grace agayne / haue hym auctoryte
Than his olde fauour / dyd them agayne restore
To greatter pleasour / than they had payne before
Though for a season / this shepherde bode a blast
The greattyst wyndes / yet blasyth at the last
And at conclusyon / he and his flocke certayne
Ech true to other / dyd quyetly remayne
My harte sore mourneth / whan I must specyfy
Of the gentyll Coke / whiche sange so merely
He and his flocke / were lyke an vnyon
Conioyned in one without dyscencyon
All the fayre Cokes / whiche in his dayes crewe
Whan dethe hym touched / dyd his departynge rewe
The pretty playes / he hym made in the fen
The maydes wydowes / the wyues and the men
With dedely dolour / were persyd to the harte
Whan dethe constrayned / this shepherde to departe
Corne / grasse & feldes / mourned for wo & payne
For oft his prayer / for them obtayned rayne
The playsant floures / for wo fadyd echone
Whan they perceyued this shepherde ded and gone
The okys elmys / and euery sorte of dere
Shronke vnder shadowe / abatynge all theyr chere
The myghty wallys of Ely monastary
The stonys / rockes and towres temblably
The marbyll pyllers / and ymages echone
Swet al for sorowe whā this good cocke was gone
Though he of stature / were tumble wenke & leane
His mynde was hye / his lyuynge pure and clene
Whyle other fedyth / by beesly appetyte
On heuenly fode was all his hole delyte

And shortly after this Cock was dede and gone
The shepherde Roger/ coude nat byde longe alone
But shortly after/ fals deth stole hym away
His worthy reporte yet lyueth tyll this day
Whã shepe ware scabbyd this good shepherd was fayne
With easy salurys theyr sore to cure agayne
He nought pretendyd/ nor shewed of tyrgour
Nor was no wolfe/ pore lambes to deuour
Whan bussche or brambelys pellyd the shepys skayn
Than had he pyte/ and kept them close within
Or in newe fleeys/ dyd tenderly them lap
And with his scyrtys dyd oftentyme them hap
Whan he departed/ his flocke for wo was faynt
The foldes sounded/ with dolour and complaynt
So that theyr clamour and crye despred the yle
His dede was mourned from Ely forty myle
These worthy herdys and many other mo
Were with theyr wethers/ in lone conioyned so
That more they curyd by wyt and pacyence
Than dredfull Drome can do with violence
Therfore all herdes/ vnto the wolde I trowe
Sholde lawd theyr names yf wertue reigned nowe
But lyth that conynge/ & vertue nere be gone
Nowe be they lawdyd forsothe of fewe or none
I let thy purpos to make conclusyon
Vyce lyueth/ vertue hath lyght oblyuyon
But speke on Cornix/ yet is it longe to nyght
My mynde to dysclose/ causeth my hert to be lyght

Cornix.

To lawde these pastours/ wherfore haste thou delyte

Corydon.

All other shepherdys/ to vertue to excyte

Cornix.

Than be thy wordys/no thynke myspent in vayne
But nowe to courtys wyll I retourne agayne
And namely for thou/hast spokyn of konnyge
We lyst a lytle to comon of that thynge
It is to clerkes great pleasour certaynly
And recreacyon/to gyue them to study
And some fynde pleasour and recreacyon
In secrete study/and meditacyon
To wryte or to rede in placys solytary
Hole to the musis/his reason to apply
To talke with Plato/with Tully or Virgill
With Aristotle/to comon at his wyll
And other famous/doctours many one

Cozidon.

What man all these longe past/be dede and gone
Who wolde with suche deput comon or talke
To go where they be/shall fynde a wery walke

Cornix.

Though they be dede/alyue yet is theyr name
These lawdes honour/theyr hye report of fame
So men deuyseth/to speke with them in dede
As often as they theyr noble workes rede
But as for courters/as welleryly as late
Be of this pleasour/playne vtterly pryuate
Though they lyue ydle/theyr paynes infenyte
To godly warkes/them graunteth no respyte
Alway in clamour remayne they/and in preas
And lewde aquayntance/wyll them no tyme releas
But yf that they chose some season secretly
To some good stody/theyr myndes to aply
To wryte or to rede/anone some wretche is fayne

And glad them to vex & to dystorbe agayne
But yf all other/ be absent and at rest
Than neuer theyr chāber the kychyn clerke is prest
Jenglynge his counters chattynge hymselfe alone
Thus seke all corners/ quyet thou fyndest none
So must on despyse/ those noble oratours
The famous poetys and excellent doctours
And lyue amonge the auoyde of vertues all
That rather a man rude beestys may them call
Of great estatys/ there is a blynded sort
Whiche cause theyr sonys vnto the court resort
That they may in court themselfe dayly frequent
In lernynge vertue and maners excellent
But better myght they say to lerne all malyce
All cursed maners and euery braunche of vyce
As Pryde dysdayne enuy & rybawdry
So be good maners infect with vyllayne
For surely in courtes be men moost vicyous
Supportynge vyces/ to vertue contraryous
Dyshonest langage is countyd moost lawdable
One bosteth baudry/ or glotony damnable
No man there/ vauntyth hymselfe of honeste
Of vertue maners of mercy nor Pyte
But other he ioyeth of his myscheuous lyfe
To haue defyled/ a virgin or a wyfe
Or els to haue slayne/ his fo or ennemy
Or fraude cōmytted or crafty felony
Whiche cursyd maners/ youth sooner doth insue
Than godly lyuynge or maners of vertue
Whan youth in vyces hath fyxed theyr cowrage
They by no meanys/ shall leue the same in age
Nor thyncke nat in court/ to fynde a yonge strypelynge

Chaſt/ ſober/ ſhamfaſt or maners enſuynge
All ſueth vyces/ all ſue enormyte
Suche be the diſcyples/ as theyr infourmers be
For true is the clawſe/ reherſyd of Therence
That youthe inclyned/ than namely to offence
Whan a lewde mayſter/ hym moued to inclyne
By yll crample to daunger and ruyne
For nature leuyth/ to all enormyte
Whan men ſo vſeth whiche be in dignyte
youth thynketh lawfull & but a ioconde fyt
Suche vyce as elders vſe daryly to cõmyt
And as yonge braunches/ ſone rote & putryfy
So youth corrupteth by vyces ſemblably

Corydon.

Be all yonge galandes/ of theſe abuſyd ſort
Whiche in yonge age/ vnto the court reſorte

Cornix.

Who entryth the court/ in yonge and tender age
Are lyghtly blynded with foly and outrage
But ſuche as entryth of wyte and grauyte
Bowe nat ſo ſoone/ to ſuche enormyte
But or theyenter yf they haue lernyd nought
Afterward is cõnyng ỹ leſte parte of theyr thought
In court it is countyd/ vyce to haue ſcience
And countyd for rebuke/ for to haue eloquence
Thus haue men connynge great heuynes & payne
Beholdynge themſelfe in court had in diſdayne
Theyr wyt deſpyſed/ In mean tyme ſhall they ſe
That greateſt maters rulyd/ Nay/ marred be
Of ſuche blynde folys/ as can nat count nor tell
A ſcore ſaue twenty/ yet moſt of all ſuche mell
But men vnlernyd of inwarde payne haue ſome

Whan they beholde that to the court be come
Men groundly lernyd/in latyne/cõmonynge
The other harken and vnderstande no thynge
Than truly it is/to them a greuous payne
But neuertheles/of them haue they dysdayne
But lyuynge in court/and sleynge none offence
What shall I comon what grutche of conscience
Vexeth the dayly ryght/small is thy delyte
Whan troubled conscience/vnquieth doth the byde
No payne is sorer/nor greuouser tourment
Than to remember/and call to thyn intent
Howe many vyces/howe great enormyte
Hath the in thraldom/and in captyuyte
Thyne owne conscience/is styll within thy brest
As tourmentour/depryuynge the of rest
With pryuey scourges/and payne intollerable
Recountynge thy warkes and lyke abhominable
Thou mayst nat auoyde/ne fourme this enmy sterte
Fle where the lyketh/he restyth in thy herte
This is of courters/the dedely tourmentour
With deiperacyon/them sekynge to deuour
Somtyme theyr conscience grutchyd is with gyle
With theft/with murder/with lechery some whyle
Though theyr owne cõsciẽce thus tourmẽt thẽ w̃ payn
To the same offences retourne they yet agayne
Theyr cõsciẽce grutchyng to cawse of grutche they fal
Thus styll them tourment/the furyes infernall
I mean remembraunce of manyfolde offence
Contynuall tourment/by grutche of cõscience
What shall I tell the payne of iodeynce fear
Whiche doth the myndes of courters often dear
Somtyme the lower be greuyd with thzetnynge

And ſuffer paynes / whan they haue done no thynge
Somtyme whyle the court is daunſynge in dyſpoꝛt
Oꝛ in other ſolace / theyꝛ hartys to confoꝛt
Anone cometh in / a ſoden meſſagere
Affirmynge truely / ſome armyd foes nere
And that ſame armey is nere at hande doutles
Than tourneth ſolace to wo and heuynes
And whyle ſome pꝛynces / foꝛ pleaſour hawke oꝛ hunt
Suche ferefull tydynges to here oft are thy wont

Coꝛidon.

Suche fere & daunger doth happen comonly
On all degres with ſodayne ieopardy
Foꝛ plowmen / ſhepherdes & Cyteẓyns alſo
Be warre endureth / great domage / loſſe and wo

Coꝛnix.

All other ſoꝛtes ſomtyme muſt ſtande a farre
But courtes muſt byde all daunger of the warre
Saue loſſe of goodes / foꝛ ſome haue nought to loſe
But this wyll I leaue and tourne to my purpoſe
No gyftes is graunted / of god vnto mankynde
Better than frendſhyp whã man it true may fynde
But ouer all the court no man ſhall fynde noꝛ ſe
True / ſtedfaſt / frendſhyp / noꝛ parfyte amyte
Foꝛ iyth all courters foꝛ mooſt part blynded be
With vicyous lyuynge and all enoꝛmyte
They haue no frendſhyp / but conſpyꝛacyon
And to do myſchefe / confederacyon
Foꝛ parfyte frendſhyp is whan two men agre
Oꝛ mo in woꝛkynge ſome dede of honeſte
Some courters be founde whiche ſome ingenyous
Pꝛegnant of reaſon wyſe & laboꝛyous
yet haue they but ſhadowe of vertue and goodnes

And nat of vertues the playne sygnes erpres
Some seme lyberall/ but they insue rapyne
Some seme veray chast/ but they to pryde inclyne
Some semeth humble/ whiche vieth glotony
And some familyer/ whiche leane to lechery
In none mayst thou se one sparcle of vertue
But twenty vyces/ shall that one gyfe insue
In suche a meany/ full of inequyte
Harde is to fynde one worthy amyte
But yf thou in court/ some honest men awayte
Than with great rulers/ is he made in concept
If he from concept/ and out of fauour be
Thou mayst nat with hym haue familyarite
Somtyme shalt thou se suche drawen to tourment
As be thy frendes/ fawtles & innocent
And oft thy enmy/ in many a faut culpable
Thou shalt in the court se hye & honorable
To se thy good frende/ bide dethe so wrongfully
To sorowe & nought say/ is a great payne truly
But yet for thy lyfe/ say nought be patyent
Nat only whysper/ lest thou haue lyke tourment
Conuersant must thou be/ with suche to thy payne
Whiche hath thy fader/ or els thy broder slayne
If thou be besy/ or squarynge of langage
Thou mayst paraventure walke on ỹ same passage
And yf thou in court to ryches so assende
That thou mayst reteyne/ men on the to attende
Some of thy seruauntys shalt thou oft tyme beholde
Lewdly dysposyd/ to vyces many folde
Some shall be theuys/ some dronkener then swyne
Some shall loue brawlynge/ or to lyenge inclyne
Some slowe/ some glotons/ some fall to rybaudry

Auoutrymurder withother vyllayny
Some be forgetfull/some peart/some insolent
Some craftles foolys/some porwd & neglygent
If thou chaunge supposynge/some better for to haue
Thou voydest a lubber & hast agayne a knaue
And yf thou haue one with knauysshnes infect
Than all the other shall folowe the same sect
Agayne yf thy selfe/be pore and a seruaunt
Thou shalt fynde thy mayster rude rassh & ignorāt
Alway complaynynge/& neuer well content
Oft askynge seruyce in paynge neglygent
Of spech superflue/hasty & rygorous
Enuyous/dronken/vnstable/and couetous
Thus seruaunt/mayster/gentylman/and vyllayne
Lyue all in court/with mysery & payne

¶ Coridon.

¶ Now truly Cornix/this is a wretchyd lyfe
Voyde of all plesour/wrappyd in payne & stryfe

¶ Cornix.

¶ Count all the rowmes/and offyces echone
And none shalt thu fynde/without vexacyon
What thynke the councell/whan pryncys nat agre
To theyr aduysement/of moost vtylyte
What haue chauncelers/of inwarde dyspleasour
Whā theyr letters wrytyn to theyr prynces honour
For the comon well and sure vtylyte
Can nat passe forwarde/tyll they transposed be
From good to ryght nought corrupt for correct
What thynke controwlers whā they be dayly chekt
The rulers of court/vssher and senescall
Tresorers/clerkes/& euery marshall
What payne haue these/echone in his offyce

Whan often tyba wodes / them sclander & despyte
Or some besy body / hauynge but small insyght
Controll theyr countes / be the neuer so cyght
What payne haue chapleyns / controlled in seruyce
And Physicians / whan some they arte despyse
What knyghtes / trumpetters / and sodyours comonly
Whan tresorers / theyr wages doth deny
What payne haue cokys which skāt may seth ther befe
Without some rebuke / a checke or a reprefe
Coridon in court / no towm is trust thou me
But that is wrappyd / in great aduersyte
But brefe to say all / and make conclusyon
Ryght wysmen suffreth great trybulacyon
The heuynly pleasour / to purchace & obtayne
Whore suffreth courters to purchace endles payne
I mell nat with them / whiche of necessyte
Agayne theyr pleasour / must in the courtys be
As besy luters to purchace dsoyt and cyght
Which wolde be thēce / cyght gladly yf they myght

Coridon.

Byleue my Cornir / thou tournedhast my mynde
Farwell all courtynge / adiew pleasour onkynde
Thou playne hast prouyd / that all they fooly s be
Whiche folowe the court / sekynge captruyte
And myght els where / an honest lyfe purchace
Hauynge suffysance and moderate solace

Cornir.

Than lett all shepherdes / from hens to Salysbery
With easy ryches lyue well / laughe and be mery
Pype vnder shadows / small ryches hath moost rest
In greatest sees moost sorest is tempest
The court is nought els / but a tempestous se

Auoyde the rockes be ruled after me
There is more daunger/than is vpon the londe
As swalows/rockes/tempest and quicke sonde
Mere maydes syngynge/abusynge with theyr songe
Caribdis/Sylla/and sandy bankes longe
In it be clyffes/of hardest Adamant
To syn excytynge yonge folys ignorant
What shepherde loueth peas and tranquilyte
Or rest requireth to lyue in vnyte
Swete peas of hert/who euer doth require
Or helth of his sowle/yf any man desyre
Fle from the court/fle from the court I cry
Fle prowd beggery/and solem mysery
For there is no rest/nor godly exercyse
No loue of vertu/but vse of euery vyce
As auaryce/lust/and beestly glotony
Cruelte/malyce/ambicyon/and enuy
But namely Venus/or lust venerall
To hyr vyle actys/playnly subdueth all
Vpon whiche vyces/who fyxeth his entent
Hymselfe to defende/hath he no argument
But that of all men wyse/honest and laudable
He shall be conuyct of lyuynge reprouable
A naturall fole/of reason dull & rude
Proface Coridon/thus do I here conclude

¶ Coridon.

¶ Conclude mote thy lyfe in blessyd state of grace
Myn owne herte Cornix/for this thy good solace
But hast thou touched/all hole and parfytly
Of court & courters/the payne & mysery

¶ Cornix.

¶ Nay nay Coridon/I tolde the so before

Moche haue I tolde behynde is moche more
Theyr inwarde crymys/ & vyce abhomynable
Theyr outwarde ragynge in synnes detestable
Theyr theft and faudes/ and theyr extorcyon
And of myslyuers theyr suppostacyon
Theyr dayly murder/ and forsynge of women
Fraudynge of virgins/ pyllynge of symple men
Auoutry incest/ and fornycacyon
And of good virgins/ the deflouracyon
These and suche lyke dare I nat playnly towche
For all these crosses and syluer in my powche

Corydon.

Than haste we hence/ the sonne is nere at rest

Cornix.

Take vp thy baggage my mate/ that now is best

Corydon.

But tell me Cornix one thynge or we departe
On what maner lyfe is best to set my harte
In court is combrance/ care/ payne and mysery
And here is enuy/ yll wyll and penury

Cornix.

Suffrance ouercommeth all malyce at the last
Weyke is that tre/ whiche can nat abyde a blast
But here now my councell I byde the fynally
Lyue styll a shepherde for playnly so wyll I

Corydon.

That I shall Cornix/ thy good councell fulfyll
To dye a shepherde/ establyd is my wyll

Cornix.

So do/ or after thou often shall repente
Your lyfe is surest/ the court is but tourment

Corydon.

¶ A diew swete Cornix/ departynge is a payne
But myrthe renewethh/ whan louers mete agayne.
¶ Finis.

¶ Thus endyth the thyrde and last egloge
of the mysery of court and courters/
Composed by Alexander Bar-
clay preste in his
youthe.

¶ The boke of Codrus and Mynalcas.

¶ The prologe of the fourthe Eglog of Alexander Barcley.

CODRUS a shepherde/ lusty gaye and stout
Sat wt his wethers/ at pasture roũde about
And poore Mynalcas/ with ewes scarse fourtene
Sat sadly musyng/ in shadowe on the grene
This lusty Codrus/ was cloked for the rayne
And double decked/ with hoodes one or twayne

Photo. H. copy 60334

He had a partner/ with purses many folde
And surely lyned/ with syluer and with golde
Within his wallet/ were meates good and fyne
Bothe store and plentie/ had he of ale and wyne
Suche fulsome pasture/ made hym a double chynne
His furred myttans/ were of a curres skynne
Nothyng he wanted/ longyng to clothe and fode
But by no meane/ wolde he departe with gode
Somtyme this Codrus/ dyde vnder shadowe lye
Wyde oppn pippng/ and gappng on the skye
Somtyme he daunced/ and hobbled lyke a beare
Somtyme he prayed/ howe he became his geare
He lept/ he song/ and ranne to proue his might
Whan purse is heuy/ oftyme the hert is lyght
But though this Codrus/ had store ynough of gode
He wanted wysdome/ for nought he vnderstode
Saue worldely practice/ his treasure for to store
Howe euer it came/ small force made he therfore
On the other syde/ the poore Mynalcas lay
With empty belly/ and symple poore aray
yet coude he pype and synger well a drone
But sour is mirthe/ whan men for hungre grone
Codrus had richesse/ Mynalcas had cõnyng
For god nat gyueth/ to one man euery thyng
At last this Codrus/ espyed Mynalcas
And soone he knewe/ what maner man he was
For olde aquayntance/ betwene them erst had ben
Long tyme before/ they mette vpon the greene
And therfore Codrus/ downe boldely by hym satte
And in this maner/ with hym began to chatte.

Finis prologe.

¶ Here begynneth the fourthe Eglogge/ of the behauour of riche men anenst poetes/ interlocutours/ be Codrus and Mynalcas.

¶ Codrus first speketh.

AHayle mynalcas/ now be my fayth well met
Lorde Jesu mercy/ what troubles dyd ye let

That this long ſeaſon/ none coude the here eſpy
With vs was thou wont/ to ſyng full merely
And to lye pipyng/ ofte tyme among the flouers
What tyme thy beſtes/ were fedyng among oures
In theſe colde baleys/ we two were wont to bourde
And in theſe ſhadowes/ talke many a mery worde
And ofte were we wont/ to wraſtell for a fall
But nowe thou droupeſt/ and haſt for gotten all
Here was thou wont/ ſwete balades to ſyng
Of ſong and dytie/ as it were for a kyng
And of gay maters/ to ſyng and to endyte
But nowe thy courage is gone/ and thy delyte
Truſt me Mynalcas/ nowe playnly I eſpy
That thou arte wery/ of ſhepherdes company
And that all pleaſure/ thou ſemeſt to diſpyſe
Lothyng our paſture/ and feldes in lykewiſe
Thou fleeſt ſolace/ and euery mery fytte
Leſyng thy tyme/ and ſore hurtyng thy wytte
In ſouthe thou ſombriſt/ as buryed were thy ſong
Thy pype is broken/ or ſomwhat els is wrong.

¶ Mynalcas.

¶ What tyme the cocke crowes/ fethers mout † fall
From ſight ſhe lurketh/ her ſong is gone withall
Whan backe is bare/ and purſe of coyne is lyght
The wytte is dulled/ and reaſon hath no might
A due enditeyng/ whan gone is lyberte
Enuy to muſes/ is wretched pouerte
What tyme a knight/ is ſubget to a knaue
To iuſt or tourney/ ſmall pleaſure ſhall he haue.

¶ Cordus.

¶ What/ no man the kepeth/ here in captiuyte
And buſy labour/ ſubdueth pouerte

And ofte is it better/and moche surer also
As subget to obey/than at frewyll to go
As by ensample/beholde a wanton colt
In ragyng youthe/lepeth ouer hyll and holt
But whyle he skippeth/at pleasure and at wyll
Oftyme dothe he fall/in daunger for to spyll
Somtyme on stubbes/his hokes sore he teares
Or falles in the mudde/bothe ouer heed and eares
Somtyme all the night/abrode in hayle or rayne
And ofte among breres/tangled by the mayne
And other perils/he suffreth infynite
So mengled with sorowe/is pleasure and delyte
But if the same colte/be broken at the last
His sytter ruleth/and hym refrayneth fast
The spurre him pricketh/the bridell dothe him holde
That he cannat praũce at pleasure whey he wolde
The ryder hym ruleth/and saueth from dangere
By whiche example/Mynalcas it is clere
That frewyll is subget/to inconuenyence
Where by subgection/man voydeth great offence
For man of hym selfe/is very fraple certayne
But ofte a ruler/his folly dothe refrayne
But as for thy selfe/thou hast no cause parde
To walke at pleasure/is no captiuyte.

Mynalcas.

Seest thou nat Codrus/the feldes rounde about
Compased with flodes/that none may in nor out
The muddy waters/nere choke me with the styuke
At euery tempest/they be as blacke as ynke
Pouerte to me/shulde be no discomfort
If other spepherde/were all of the same sort
But Codrus/I clawe ofte where it dothe nat ytche

To se ten beggers / and halfe a dosen ritche
Truely me thynketh / this wrong partition
And namely sithe all / ought to be after one
Whan I first beholde / these feldes from a farre
Me thought thē plesant / & voyde of stryfe or warre
But with my poore flocke / approchyng nere and nere
Alway my pleasure / dyde lesse and lesse apere
And truely Codrus / sithe I came on this grounde
Ofte vnder floures / vyle snakes haue I founde
Adders and todes / and many vyle serpent
Enfect olde shepe / with venym violent
And ofte be the pong / infected of the olde
That vnto these fewe / now brought is all my folde

Codrus.

In some place / is nother venym nor serpent
And as for my selfe / I fele no greuous sent.

Mynalcas.

It were great marueyle / wherso gret groūde is sene
yf no small medowe / were plesant swete and clene
As for the Codrus / I may beleue right wele
That thou no sauour / nor stynke of mud dust fele
For if a shepherde / hath styll remayned long
In a foule prison / or in a stynking gong
His poores with yll eyre / be stopped to echone
That of the eyre / he feleth small sent or none
And yet the dwellers / be badder than the place
The riche and sturdy / dothe threten and manace
The poore and symple / and suche as came but late
And who most knoweth / him most of all they hate
And all the burthen / is on the asses backe
But the strong caball / standeth at the racke
And suche be assigned / somtyme the flocke to kepe

Whiche scante haue so moche/ of reason as a shepe
And euery shepherde/ at other hath enuy
Scant be a couple/ whiche loueth parfitely
Ilwyll so reigneth/ that braulyng be thou sure
Constrayned me nere/ to seke a newe pasture
Saue onely after/ I hope of better rest
For small occasyon/ a byrde nat chaungeth nest

¶ Codrus.

¶ Wele ere thou graunted/ that in a small grounde
Some plot of pleasure/ and quyet may be founde
So where of herdes/ assembled is great sorte
There some must be good/ than to the best resorte
But leaue we all this/ tourne to our poynt agayne
Of thy olde balades/ some wolde I here full fayne
For often haue I had/ great pleasure and delyte
To here recounted/ suche as thou dyde endyte.

¶ Mynalcas.

¶ Ye other shepherdes/ which haue ynough at home
Whan ye be mery/ and stuffed is your wombe
Whiche haue great store/ of butter/ chese/ and woll
Your cowes vthers/ of mylke replete and full
Payles of swete mylke/ as full as they be able
Whan your fat dysshes/ smoke hote vpon yor table
Than laude ye songes/ and balades magnify
If they be mery/ or writtен craftely
Ye clappe your handes/ and to the makyng harke
And one say to other/ lo here a proper warke
But whan ye haue said/ nought gyue ye for o payne
Saue onely laudes/ and plesaunt wordes vayne
All if these laudes/ may wele be counted good
Yet the pore shepherde/ must haue some other fode.

¶ Codrus.

¶ Mayst thou nat somtyme/ thy folde & shepe apply
And after at leysar/ to lyue moze quyetly
Dispose thy wyttes/ to make oz to endyte
Renoũsyng cures/ foz tyme whyle thou dost wryte

¶ Mynalcas.

¶ Nedes must a shepherde bestowe his hole labour
Intẽdyng his flockes scant may he spare one hour
In goyng/ compyng/ and often them to tende
Full lightly the day/ is brought vnto an ende
Somtyme the wolues/ with dogges must he chace
Somtyme his foldes/ must he newe compace
And oftyme them chaunge/ and if he stormes dout
Of his shepe cote/ daube the walles rounde about
Whan they be broken/ oftymes them renewe
And hurtfull pastures/ note wele and thẽ eschewe
Bye strawe and lytter/ and hay foz wynter colde
Oft greas the scabbes/ as well of yong as olde
Foz drede of theues/ ofte watche vp all the night
Besyde this labour/ with all his mynde & might
Foz his pooze housholde foz to prouyde vitayle
If by aduenture/ his wolle oz lambes fayle
In doyng all these/ no respyte dothe remayne
But well to endyte/ requyreth all the brayne
I tell the Codrus/ a style of excellence
Must haue all labour/ and all the dilygence
Bothe these two warkes/ be great nere importable
To my small power/ my strength is moche vnable
The one to entende/ scant may I byde the payne
Than is it harder/ foz me to do bothe twayne
What tyme my wyttes/ be clere foz to endyte
My dayly charges/ wyll graunt me no respyte
But if I folowe/ endyting at my wyll

Echone disdayneth my charges to fulfyll
Though in these feldes / eche other ought lustayne
Clene lost is that lawe / one may requyre in vayne
yf coyne cõmaunde than men count them as bounde
Els fle they labour / than is my charge on groũde.

¶ Todrus.

¶ Comyn ofte counted / that man shulde fle no payne
His frendes burthen / to support and sustayne
Fede they thy flocke / while thou dost wryte and syng
Eche horse agreeth / nat well for euery thyng
Some for the charet / some for the cart or ploughe
And some for hackeneys / if they be lyght & toughe
Eche felde agreeth nat wele for euery sede
Who hath moost labour / is worthy of best mede.

¶ Mynalcas.

¶ After endityng / than gladly wolde I drinke
To reche me ỹ cuppe / no man dothe care ne thinke
And ofte some foles / voyde of discrecyon
We and my maters / hath in derisyon
And marueyle is none / for who wolde sowe ỹ felde
With costly sedes / whiche shall no frutes yelde
Some wanton body / ofte laugheth me to scorne
And sayth Mynalcas / se howe thy pytche is torne
Thy hose and cokers / be broken at the kne
Thou canst nat stõble / for bothe thy shone may se
Thy berde lyke bristels / or lyke a porpos skyn
Thy clothyng sheweth / thy winnyng is but thyn
Suche mockyng tauntes / reneweth ofte my care
And nowe be wodes / of frute and leaues bare
And frosty wynter / hath made the feldes white
For wrathe and angre / my lyppe and tong I byte
For dolour I droupe / sore vered with disdayne

My wōbe all wasteth wherfore I byde this payne
My woll and wethers / may scarsly fede my wombe
And other housholde / whiche I retayne at home
Leane be my lambes / that no man wyll them bye
And yet their dammes / they dayly souke so drie
That from their bthers / no lycour can we wring
Than without repast / who can endyte or syng
It me repenteth / if I haue any wytte
As for my scyence I wery am of it
And of my poore lyfe / I wery am Codrus
Sithe my harde fortune / for me disposeth thus
That of the starres / and plannettes echone
To poore Mynalcas / wele fortunate is none
knowen is the trouthe / if it were clerely sought
That nowe to this tyme / I styll haue song for nought
For youthe is lusty / & of small thyng hath nede
That tyme to age / men gyue no force nor hede
Ages condycion / is greatly contrary
Whiche nowe approcheth / right styll and craftely
But what tyme age / dothe any man oppresse
yf he in youthe / haue gathered no richesse
Than passeth age / in care and pouerte
For nede is greuous / with olde infyrmite
And age is fettred / oftyme with care and nede
Whan strength is faded & man hath nought to fede
Whan strength is faded / than hope of gayne is gone
In youthes season / to make prouisyon
The lytell emet / is wyse and prouydent
In somer worknyng / with labour dilygent
In her smalle caue / conueying corne and grayne
Her lyfe in wynter / to norisshe and sustayne
And with her small mouthe / is busy it cuttyng

Left in her caue/ the same might growe or spring
So man of reason/ hym selfe reputyng sage
In youthe shulde puruey/ to lyue theron in age.

¶ Codrus.

¶ Men say that clerkes/ whiche knowe astronomy
knowe certayne starres/ whiche long to desteny
But all their sayeng/ is nothyng veritable
yet here the mater/ thought it be but a fable
They say that Mercury/ dothe poetes fauour
Under Jupiter/ be princes of honour
And men of richesse/ of welthe or dignyte
And all suche other/ as haue authorite
Mercury gyueth/ to poetes laureate
Goodly cõueyaunce/ speche plesaunt and ornate
Inuentyfe reason/ to syng or play on harpe
In goodly dytie/ or balade for to carpe
This is thy lotte/ what sekest thou richesse
No man hath all/ this thyng is true doutlesse
God all disposeth/ as he parceyueth best
Take thou thy fortune/ and holde the styll in rest
Take thou thy fortune/ and holde thy selfe content
Lette vs haue richesse/ and roumes exellent.

¶ Mynalcas.

¶ Thou hast of richesse/ and goodes habundaunce
And I haue dyties/ and songes of plesaunce
To alke my connyng/ to couytous thou art
Why is nat thy selfe/ contented with thy part
Why dost thou enuade/ my parte and porcion
Thou wantest Codrus/ wytte and discrecyon.

¶ Codrus.

¶ Nat so Mynalcas/ forsothe thou art to blame
Of wrong enualyon/ to gyue to me the name

I wolde no dytie/ nor balade take the fro
No harpe nor armes/ whiche long to Appollo
But onely Mynalcas/ I lore desyre and long
To gyue myne eares/ to thy swete soũdyng song
It fedeth heryng and is to one plesant
To here good reason/ and balade consonant.

¶ Mynalcas.

¶ yf thou haue pleasure/ to here my melody
I graunt the Codrus/ to ioye my armony
So I haue pleasure/ and ioye of thy richesse
So gyftes doubled/ encreaseth loue doutlesse.

¶ Codrus.

¶ He of my richesse/ hath ioye whiche loueth me
And who me hateth/ nothyng content is he
Enuyous wretches/ by malyce cõmenly
Take others fortune/ and pleasure heuely.

¶ Mynalcas.

¶ In lykewise mayest thou/ enioye of our scyence
And of our muses/ thoughe thou be fro presence
And of our conmyng/ thou ioyest semblably
yf ought prouoke the/ by malyce and enuy
yf I fede thy eares/ fede thou my mouthe agayne
I lothe were to spende/ my gyftes all in dayne
Meate vnto the mouthe/ is fode and sustenance
And songes fedeth/ the eares with plesaunce
I haue the muses/ if thou wylte haue of myne
Than right requyreth/ that I haue parte of thyne
This longeth to loue/ to norisshe charyte
This fedeth pyte/ this dothe to right agre
This is the pleasure/ and wyll of god aboue
Of hym disposed/ for to engendre loue
All plesaunt gyftes/ one man hath nat parde

That one of other/ shulde haue necessite
No man of hym selfe/ is sure sufficient
This is prouisyon/ of god omnipotent
That one man shulde nede/ anothers assystence
Wherby is ioyned/ loue and beneuolence.
Englande hath clothe/ Burdeux hath store of wyne
Cornwayle hath tynne/ and Lymster wolles fyne.
London hath scarlot/ and Bristowe pleasaunt reed
Fenne lande hath fyll hes/ in other place is leed.
This is of our lorde/ disposed so my brother
Bycause all costes/ shulde one haue nede of other.
So euery tre/ hathe frute after his kynde
And dyuers natures/ in beestes may we fynde.
Alway whan nature/ of thyng is mooste laudable
That thyng men coũteth/ mooste good & profitable
And euery person/ in his owne gifte hath ioye
The fole in his bable/ hath pleasure for to toye.
The clerke in his boke/ the marchaunt in richesse
The knyght in his horse/ harnes and hardynesse.
But euery person/ of his gyftes and arte
Whan nede requireth shulde gladly gyue comforte
Suche meane contoyneth/ in bonde of loue certayne
Englande & Fraũce/ Scotlãde Grece & Spayne.
So hast thou Codrus/ of golde ynough in store
And I some cõyng/ though fewe mẽ care therfore
Thou art beholden/ to Iupiter truely
And I beholden to pleasaunt Mercury.
Ioyne we our sterres/ let me haue parte of thyne
Cõcorde to cheryll he/ ỹ shalte haue parte of myne
Make thou Iupiter/ be frendely vnto me
And our Mercury/ shalbe as good to the.
If thy Iupiter/ gyue me but onely golde

Mercury shall gyue the/ giftes manyfolde
His pyllion ceptre/ his wynges/ and his harpe
If thou haue all these/ thou mayst grathly carpe
And ouer all these/ gyue the shall Mercury
The knot of Hercules enlaced craftely.

Codrus.

Lorde god Mynalcas/ why hast ꝑ all this payne
This wyle to forge/ so many wordes in vayne.

Mynalcas.

That vayne ꝑ cõtest/ whiche may hurt or enlesse
Thy loued treasour/ or mynisshe thy ritheſſe
If thou wylte harken/ or here my muses syng
Refresshe my mynde with confort and lyking
Rydde me fro troubles and care of busynesse
Confort my corage/ whiche nowe is confortlesse
A clerke a poete/ combyned with a boy
To haunt the muses/ hath but lytell ioye
The wytte and reason/ is dull or of valour
Lyke as the body/ is called to honour
Whan busy charges/ causeth a man to grone
The wytte than slombreth/ and muses all be gone
A dytie wyll haue/ mynde quyet and respyte
And ease of stomake/ els can none wele endyte
I sighe/ I slombre: care troubleth ofte my thought
Whan some by malyce/ myne art setteth at nought
I heule as a kyte/ for hunger and for colde
For thought and study/ my youthe apaereth olde
My skynne hath wrincles and pomples all about
For colde and study/ I drede me of the gout
Whan sickenesse cometh/ than lyfe hath breuyte
By false vnkyndnesse/ and wretched pouerte
If men were louyng/ benigne/ and charytable

Than were pouerte/bothe good and tollerable
But sithe charyte and pyte bothe be gone
What shulde pouerte remayne behynde alone
No man hath pyte/ ethe dayneth me to fede
I lost haue confort/ but styll remayneth nede
I haue no wethers nor ewes in my folde
No syluer in purse/ I knowe nat what is golde
Nor corne on the grounde/haue I wheron to fare
Than wolde thou haue me to lyue voyde of care
Nay nay frende Codrus/ trust me I the assure
Suche maner salues/can nat my dolour cure
Make thou me ioconde/helpe me with clothe & fode
Clothe me for wynter/ with pyltche/ felte/ & hode
Auoyde all charges/let me sytte in my sell
Let worldly wretches/ with worldly maters mell
Socour my age/ regarde my heeres gray:
Than shalte thou proue/ & se what thyng I may
Than shalte thou fynde me/ bothe apt to wrte & sing
Good wyll shall fulfyll/ my scarsnesse of cõnyng
A plenty full house out chaseth thought and care
Solome dothe socour there/ whey althing is bare
The sellar couched with bere/ ale/ or wyne
And meates redy whan man hath lust to dyne
Great barnes full/ fatte wethers in the folde
The purse well stuffed/ bothe with syluer & golde
Fauour of frendes/ and suche as loueth right
All these and other do make the full lyght
Than is it pleasure the yong maydens among
To watche by the fyre / the wynter nightes long
At their fonde tales/ to laughe or whan they brall
Great fyre and candell/ spendyng for labour small
And in the asshes/ some playes for to make

To couer wardeyns for faut of other warke
To tost white sheuers/ and to make prophytrolles
And after talkyng/ oftymes to fyll the bolles
Where welthe aboundeth/ without rebuke or cryme
Thus do some herdes/ for pleasure and pastyme
As Fame reporteth/ suche a shepherde there was
Whiche that tyme lyued vnder Mecenas
And Titerus I trowe/ was this shepherdes name
I wele remembre/ a lyue yet is his fame
He song of feldes/ and tyllyng of the grounde
Of shepe/ of oxen/ and batayle dyde he sounde
So shirle he sounded/ in termes eloquent
I trowe his tunes/ went to the firmament
The same Mecenas/ to hym was fre and kynde
Whose large gyftes/ gaue confort to his mynde
Also this Shepherde by heuenly influence
I trowe optayned his perelesse eloquence
We other shepherdes/ be greatly dyfferent
Of commen sortes leane/ ragged and rent
Fed with rude frowyse/ with quacham or w̄ crudde
Or slymy kempes/ yll smellyng of the mudde
Suche rusty meates enblyndeth so our brayne
That of our fauour/ the Muses haue disdayne
And great Appollo/ dispyseth that we write
For why? rude wyttes/ but rudely dothe endyte.

¶ Codrus.

¶ I trust on fortune/ if it be fauourable
My trust fulfylling/ than shall I wele be able
Thy nede to socour/ I hope after a thyng
And if fortune fall wele after my lyking
Trust me Mynalcas/ I shall delyuer the
Out of this trouble/ care/ and calamyte.

¶ Mynalcas.

¶ A Codrus Codrus/ I wolde to god thy wyll
Were this tyme redy/ thy promes to fulfyll
After the power/ and might that thou hast nowe
Thou hast ynoughe for bothe man/ god auowe
If thy good mynde/ accordyng with thy might
At this tyme present/ ỹ shulde my hert wele light
I aske nat the store/ of Cosmus or Capell
With sylken robes/ I couet nat to mell
No kynges dysshes/ I coueyt nor desyre
Nor riche mantels/ or palles wrought in tyre
No clothe of golde/ of Tyssue nor veluet
Damaske nor saten/ nor orient Scarlet
I aske no value of Peters costely cope
Shelde of Mynerua/ nor patyn of Elope
I aske no palays/ nor lodgynge curyous
No bedde of state/ of rayment sumptuous
For this I lerned of the deane of Poules
I tell the Codrus this man hath won some soules
I aske no treasour/ nor store of worldely gode
But a quyet lyfe/ and onely clothe and fode
With homely lodgyng/ to kepe me warme and dry
Enduryng my lyfe/ for sothe no more aske I
If I were certayne this lyueng styll to haue
Auoyde of trouble/ no more of god I craue.

¶ Codrus.

¶ This lyueng hast thou/ what nedes the cõplayne:
Nothing ỹ wantest/ whiche may thy lyfe sustayne
What fele man parde/ thy chekes be nat thynne
No lacke of vitayle/ causeth a double chynne

¶ Mynalcas.

Some beest is lusty/ and fatte of his nature
Though he sore labour/ and go in badde pasture
And some beest agayne/ styll leane and poore is sene
Though it fatly fare/ within a medowe grene
Though thou Codrus/ styll argue tyll to morowe
I lycke no dysshes/ whiche sauced is with sorowe
Better one smale dysshe/ with ioye and hert lyking
Than dyuers denties with murmure & grutching
And men vnlerned/ can neuer be content
Whan scolers common/ and clerkes be present
As soone as clerkes/ begyn to talke and chat
Some other gloumes/ and hath enuy therat
It is a tourment a clerke to sytte at borde
Of his lernyng/ nat for to talke one worde
Better were to be with clerkes with a crust
Than at suche tables/ to fare at wyll and lust
Lette me haue the borde of olde Pytagoras
Whiche of temperaunce a very father was
Of philosophers the moderate rychesse
In youthe or age/ I loued neuer excesse
Some bost and promes/ and put men in confort
Of large gyftes/ moost men be of this sort
With mouthe and promes for to be lyberall
Whan nede requyreth/ than gyue they nought at all
All onely in the is fixed all my trust
If thou fayle promes/ than roule I in the dust
My hope is faded/ than shall my song be dom
Lyke a nightyngale at the solsticium
If thou fayle promes my confort clene is lost
Than may I hang my pype vpon the post
Shytte thy shop wyndowes for lacke of marchãdice
Or els for bycause/ that easy is the price

¶ Codrus.

¶ Mynalcas/ if thou the court of Rome hast sene
With forked cappes/ or els if thou hast bene
Or noble prelates by richesse exellent
Thou wele parceyuest/ they be magnifycent
With them be clerkes/ and plesaunt oratours
And many poetes promoted to honours
There is abundaunce of all that men desyre
There men haue honour/ before they it requyre
In suche fayre feldes/ without labour or payne
Bothe welth and richesse/ þ̄ mayst lightly optayne

¶ Mynalcas.

¶ Thou art abused and thynkest wronge doutlesse
To thynke that I am desyrous of richesse
To fede on rawe flesh he/ it is a wolues gyse
Wherfore he weneth all beestes do lyke wise
Bycause the blynde man/ halteth and is lame
In mynde he thynketh/ that all men do the same
So for that thy selfe/ desyrest good in store
All men thou iugest/ infected with lyke sore
Codrus/ I coueyt nat to haue abundaunce
Small thyng me pleaseth I aske but suffisaunce
Graunt me a lyueng suffycient and small
And voyde of troubles/ I aske no more at all
But with that lytell/ I holde me selfe content
If sauce of sorowe my mynde nat tourment
Of the court of Rome/ for sothe I haue herde tell
With forked cappes/ it folly is to mell
Mycene and Morton/ be deed and gone certayne
They nor their lyke shall neuer retourne agayne
O Codrus Codrus/ Augustus and Edwarde
Be gone for euer/ our fortune is more harde

The scarlet robes/ in song hath smale delyte
What shulde I trauayle/ in Rome is no profyte
It gyueth mockes and skornes many folde
Styll cratchyng coyne/ and gapyng after golde
Fraunde and disceyt/ dothe all the worlde fyll
And money reigneth/ and dothe althyng at wyll
And for that people/ wolde more entende to gyle
Uertue and trouthe/ be driuen into exyle
We are cõmaunded to trust for tyme to come
Tyll care and sorowe/ hath wasted our wysdome
Hope of rewarde/ hath poetes them to fede
Nowe in the worlde/ fayre wordes be their mede.

¶ Codrus.

¶ Than write of batayls/ or actes of men bolde
Or mighty princes/ they may the wele vpholde
These worthy rulers of fame and name royall
Of very reason ought to be lyberall
Some shalt thou fynde bitwene this place and kent
Whiche for thy labour/ shall the ryght well cõtent.

¶ Mynalcas.

¶ Tye/ some shall I fynde: whiche be so prodigall
That in vayne thyng I spende/ & clene wasteth all
But how we shulde that man/ my pouertie sustayne
Whiche nought reserueth his honour to mẽtayne.
For auncyent blode/ nor auncyen: honour
In these our dayes/ be nought without treasour
The coyne auaunceth/ nede dothe the name detect
And where is treasour/ olde honour hath effect
But suche as be riche and in promocion
Shall haue my writyng but in derisyon
For in this season great men of excellence
Hath to poemys no greatter reuerence

Than to a brothell or els a brothelhous
Wadde ignorance is so contagyous.

¶ Codrus.

¶ It is nat semyng/ a poete thus to iest
In wrathfull speche/ nor wordes dishoneſt.

¶ Mynalcas.

¶ It is no iestyng be thou neuer so wrothe
In open langage to say nothyng but trouthe
If parauenture/ thou wolde haue trouthe kept styll
Prouoke thou nat me/ to angre at thy wyll
Whan wrathe is moued/ than rayson hath no might
The tonge forgetteth discrecyon and right

¶ Codrus.

¶ To moue thy myndes/ I truely were full lothe
To gyue good coũsaile is far from beyng wrothe.

¶ Mynalcas.

¶ As touchyng counsaile my mynde is plentifull
But nede and troubles/ make all my reason dull
If I had counsaile and golde in lyke plente
I tell the Codrus/ I had no nede of the
Howe shulde a poete/ poore/ bare/ and indygent
Indyte the actes/ of princes excellent
Whyle scant is worthe/ a knyfe his pype to mende
To rounde the holles/ to clense or pyke the ende
Beholde my whittell/ almoſt hath loſt the blade
So long tyme paſt/ is sithe the same was made
The hafte is brused/ the blade nat worthe a strawe
Rusty and tothed/ nat moche vnlyke a sawe
But touchyng this hurt/ it is but lyght and small
But care and trouble/ is greuous payne withall
Good counsaile helpeth/ makyng the wyttes stable
Ill counsaile maketh/ the myndes varyable

And breketh the brayne/ diminysshing the strength
And all the reason/ confoundeth at the length
Great men are shamed/ to gyue thyng poore or small
And great they deny/ thus gyue they nought at all
Beside this Codrus/ princes and men royall
In our enditynges/ hath pleasure faynt and small
So moche power haue they/ with men of might
As symple douues/ whan eglys take their flyght
Or as great wyndes/ careth for leaues dry
They lyue in pleasure/ and welthe cõtinually
In lust their lyking is/ and in idleneste
Fewe haue their myndes/ from all vicyousneste
Pleasure is thyng/ wherto they must entende
That they most cherissh be/ they wolde haue men cõ (cende
If poetes shulde/ their maners magnify
They were supporters of blame and lechery
Than shulde their writyng/ be nothyng cõmendable
Conteyning iestes/ and dedes detestable
Of shynking Uenus/ or loue inordynate
Of rybaude wordes/ whiche fall nat for a state
Of right oppressed/ and beestly glotony
Of byce auaunced/ of slouthe and iniury
And other dedes/ in fame and worthy blame
Whiche were ouer long/ here to recount or name
These to commende/ Codrus do nat agre
To any poete/ whiche loueth chastyte.

Codrus.

What/ yes Mynalcas, some haue ben strong & bolde
Whiche haue in batayle/ done actes manyfolde
With mighty courage/ hauyng them in fight
And boldely byding/ for to mayntayne the right
To the coude I nowe/ reherse welnere a score

Of lust nor richesse/ settyng no forcene store
Despisyng softe golde/ swete fare/ and beddes softe
Whiche in colde harnes/ lye on the groũde full ofte
Closed in yron/ whiche whan their woundes blede
Want breed and drinke/ them to restore and fede
Whylesome hath pleasure/ in softe golde orient
With colde harde yron/ their mynde is well cõtent
Suche were the sonnes/ of noble lorde Haward
Whose famous actes/ may shame a faynt cowarde
What coude they more/ but their swete lyues spende
Their princes quarell/ and right for to defende
Alas that batayle/ shulde be of that rigoure
Whan fame and honour/ ryseth and is in floure
With sodayne furour/ than all to quence agayne
But boldest hertes/ be nerest dethe certayne.

Pynalcas.

For certayne Codrus/ I can nat that deny
But some in batayle/ behaue them manfully
Suche as in batayle/ do actes marcyall
Laude worthy poetes/ and style heroycall
The pleasaunt muses/ whiche soundeth graunte
Had helpe and fauour/ whyle these were in degre
But sythe strong knightes/ haue left their exercyse
And manly vertue/ corrupted is with vyce
The famous poetes/ whiche ornatly endyte
Haue founde no mater/ wherof to syng or write
The wytte thus dyeth/ of poetes auncyent
So dothe their writyng/ and deties eloquent
For lacke of custome/ thought/ care/ and penury
These be confounders/ of pleasaunt poesy
But if some prince/ some kyng/ or conquerour
Hath wonne in armes/ or batayle great honour

Full lytell they force/ for to delate their fame
That other realmes/ may laude or praise their na-
Of tyme for to come/ they force nothyng at all (me
By fame and honour/ to lyue as inmortall
It them suffyseth/ they count ynoughe truely
That their owne realmes/ their names magnify
And that for their lyfe/ they may haue laude & fame
After their dethe/ than seke they for no name
And some be vntaught and lerned no scyence
Or els they disdayne/ hye style of eloquence
Than standeth the poete/ and his poeme arere
Whan princes disdayne for to rede or here
Or els some other/ is drowned all in golde
By couetyse kept/ in cures many folde
By flagrant ardour/ inflamed in suche cas
As in tyme past the olde kyng Mydas was
Than of poemes/ full small pleasure hath he
Couetyse and clergy/ full leudly dothe agre
Beside this Codrus/ with princes cõmonly
Be vntaught courters/ fulfylled with enuy
Juglers and pykers/ bourders/ and flatrers
Baudes and tanglers/ and cursed auoutrers
And mo suche other/ of lyueng vicyous
To whom is vertue/ aduers and odyous
These do good poetes/ forthe of all courtes chace
By thousande maners/ of threatnyng and manace
Somtyme by fraudes/ somtyme by yll report
And them allyseth/ all other of their sort
Lyke as whan curres/ lyght on a caryon
Or stinkyng rauyns/ fedde with corrupcion
These two all other/ away dothe bete and chace
Bycause they alone/ wolde occupy the place

For vnto curres/ is caryon moost mete
And also rauyns/ thynke stynkyng thynges swete
Another thyng yet/ is greatly more dampnable
Of rascolde poetes/ yet is a shamefull rable
Whiche voyde of wysoome/ presumeth to endyte
Though they haue scautly/ the connyng of a snyte
And to what vyces/ that princes moost intende
Those dare these foles/ solemnyse and cōmende
Than is he decked/ as poete laureate
Whan stinkyng Thays/ made hym her graduate
Whan muses rested/ she dyde her season note
And she with Bacchis/ her camous dyde promote
Suche rascolde drames/ promoted by Thays
Bacchis Lycoris/ or yet by Testilys
Or by suche other/ newe forged muses nyne
Thynke in their myndes/ for to haue wyt diuyne
They laude their verses/ they bost/ they vaunt ⁊ get
Though all their connyng/ be scantly worthe a pet
If they haue smelled/ the artes trinycall
They count them poetes/ hye and heroycall
Suche is their folly/ so foliss hely they dote
Thinkyng that none/ can their playne errour note
yet be they folysshe/ auoyde of honeste
Nothyng seasoned/ with spice of grauyte
Auoyde of pleasure/ auoyde of eloquence
With many wordes/ and frutelesse of sentence
Vnapt to lerne/ disdayning to be tought
Their priuate pleasure/ in snare so haue thē caught
And worst yet of all/ they count them exellent
Thoughe they be frutelesse/ rasshe ⁊ improuident
To suche ambages/ who dothe their mynde enclyne
They counte all other/ as priuate of doctryne

And that the fautes/ whiche be in them alone
Also be cõmen/in other men echone
Thus byde good poetes / oftyme rebuke and blame
Bycause of other/ whiche haue dispysed name
And thus for the badde/ the good be clene abiect
Their arte and poeme/counted of none effect
Who wanteth reason/good to discryue from yll
Dothe worthy writers/enterpzete at his wyll
So bothe the laudes/ of good and nat laudable
For lacke of knowlege become vituperable.

¶ Codrus.

¶ In faythe Mynalcas/ I wele alowe thy wytte
yet wolde I gladly/ here nowe some mery fytte
Of mayde Maryon/or els of Roby Hode
Or bentleys Ale whiche chaseth wele the blode
Of Pert of Norwyche/or sauce of Wylberton
Or buckyslhe tolp/ wele stuffed as a ton
Talke of the botell/let go the boke for nowe
Combrous is cõpyng/ I make to god auowe
Spcke of some mak/ which may refreshe my brayne
Trust me Mynalcas/ I shall rewarde thy payne
Els talke of stoutney/ whey is more brayne than wyt
Place moost abused/that we haue spoke of yet.

¶ Mynalcas.

¶ Of all these thynges/langage to multiply
Except I lyed/shulde be but villany
It is nat semyng/a poete one to blame
All if his honour/haue won dyffamed name
And thoughe suche beestes/ pursue me with enuy
Malgre for malyce/that payment I defy
My maister techeth/so dothe reason and skyll
That man shulde restore/and rendre good for yll

Codrus.

Than talke of somwhat/lo it is long to night
yet hath the sonne/more than one hour of lyght

Mynalcas.

Yf I nought common/soundyng to graupte
I feare to optayne/ but smale rewarde of the
But if I common of vice or wantonnesse
Than of our lorde/shall my rewarde be lesse
Wherfore my balade/ shall haue conclusyon
Of frutefull clauses/ of noble Salomon.

Codrus.

Syng on Mynalcas/ he may do lytell thyng
Whiche to a balade/ disdayneth the herynge
But if thy dytie/ accorde nat to my mynde
Than my rewarde/ and promes is behynde
By mannes maners/ it lightly dothe appere
What men desyreth/ that loue they for to here

Mynalcas.

Thoughe in thy promes/ I fynde no certente
yet of my connyng/ shalte thou haue parte of me
I call no muses/ to gyue to me doctryne
But ayde & confort/ of strength & might diuyne
To clere my reason/ with wysdome and prudence
To syng one balade/ extract of sapyence.

As medowes paynted/ with floures redolent
The sight reioyseth/ of suche as the beholde
So man endewed/ with vertue excellent
Fragrantly shyneth/ with beames manyfolde
Vertue with wysdome/ exceedeth store of golde
If richesse habounde/ set nat on them thy trust
Whan strength is sturdy/ than man is perte & bolde
But wyt & wysdome soone leyeth hym in the dust.

Than man is beestly/ whiche seweth earnall lust
Spende nat on women/ thy richesse or substaūce
For lacke of vsyng/ as steele or yron rust
So rusteth reason/ by wylfull ignorannce
In fraudefull beaute/ set thou but small pleasaunce
A plesaunt apple/ is ofte corrupt within
Grounde the in youthe/ on goodly gouernaunce
It is good token/ whan man dothe wele begyn.

Joye nat in malyce/ that is a mortall synne
Man is parceyued/ by langage and doctryne
Better is to lose/ than wrongfully to wynne
He loueth wysdome/ whiche loueth disciplyne
Rasshe enterprises/ ofte bringeth to ruyne
A man may contende/ god gyueth victory
Set neuer thy mynde/ on thyng whiche is nat thyne
Trust nat in honour/ all welthe is translitory.

Combyne thou thy tong/ with reason and memory
Spcke nat to hasty/ without aduysement
So lyue in this lyfe/ that thou mayst trust on glory
Whiche is nat caduke/ but lastyng parmanent
There is no secrete/ with people vyuolent
By beestly surfet/ the lyfe is breuyate
Though some haue pleasure/ in sumptuous garmēt
yet goodly maners/ hym maketh more ornate.

Codrus.

Tho there Myaclas/ of this haue we ynoughe
What shulde a plouman/ go farther thā his plough
What shulde a shepherde/ in wysdome wade so farre
Talke of his tankarde/ or of his bor of tarre
Tell som what els/ wherin is more confort
So shall the season/ and tyme seme light & short

¶ Mynalcas.

¶ For thou of Hawarde/ nowe lately dyde receyte
I haue a dytie/ whiche Cornir dyde endyte
His dethe complayning/ but it is lamentable
To here a capitayne/ so good and honourable
So soone withdrawen by dethes cruelte
Before his vertue/ was at mooste highe degre
If dethe for reason/ had shewed hym fauour
To all his nacyon/ he shulde haue ben honour
Alas/ bolde hertes/ be nereste dethe in warre
Whan out of daunger/ cowardes stande a farre.

¶ Codrus.

¶ All if that ditye/ be neuer so lamentable
Refrayne my teares/ I shall as I am able
Begyn Mynalcas/ tell of the bolde Hawarde
If fortune fauour/ hope after some reward.

¶ Mynalcas.

¶ I pray the Codrus/ my whey is weke and thyn
Len me thy botell/ to drinke or I begyn.

¶ Codrus.

¶ If ought be tasted/ the remnaunt shall pall
I may nat afore the/ nowe for to spende out all
We sytte in shadowe/ the sonne is nat feruent
Call for it after/ than I shall be content.

¶ Mynalcas.

¶ Styll thou delyrest/ the pleasure of my arte
But of thy botell/ nought wylte thou yet departe
Though ȳ be negarde/ & nought wylt gyue of thyne
yet this one tyme/ thou shalt haue parte of myne
Nowe herken Codrus/ I tell myne elegy
But small is the pleasure/ of dolefull armony.

¶ The discrypcion of the towre of Vertue and Honour/ in to whiche the noble Hawarde contended to entre/ by worthy actes of chiualry.

¶ Mynalcas speketh.

Hyghe on a moũtayne/ of highnes marueylous
With pẽdant clyffes/ of stones harde as flent
Is made a castell/ or toure mooste curyous
Dredefull vnto sight/ but inwarde excellent
Suche as wolde entre/ fynde paynes & tourment
So harde is the way/ vnto the same moũtayne
Streight/ hye/ and thorny/ tournyng and dyfferent
That many labour/ for to ascende in vayne.

Who dothe perseuer/and to this toure attayne
Shall haue great pleasure/to se the bylding olde
Joyned and graued/surmountyng mānes brayne
And all the walles within of fynest golde
With olde hystories/and pyctures manyfolde
Glystring as bright/as Phebus orient
With marbyll pyllers/the bylding to bpholde
About the turrettes/of shape moost excellent.

This toure is gotten/by labour dilygent
In it remaynyth/suche as haue won honour
By holy lyueng/by strength or tournament
And moost by wisdome/attayne vnto this tour
Brefely all people/of godly behauour
By right wyse batayle/iustyce and equyte
Or that in mercy/haue had a chefe pleasure
In it haue rowmes/eche after his degre

This goodly castell/thus shinyng in beaute
Is named castell/of vertue and honour
In it eight Henry/is in his magestie
Moost hye enhaunsed/as ought a conquerour
In it remayneth the worthy gouernour
A stocke and fountayne/of noble progeny
Moost noble Dawarde/the duke and protectour
Named of Northfolke/the floure of chiualry.

Here is the Talbot/manfull and hardy
With other princes/and men of dignyte
Whiche to wyn honour dothe all their might apply
Supportyng iustyce/concorde/and equyte

The manly Cozson/ within this toure I se
Thele haue we sene/ echone in his estate
With many other/ of hye and meane degre
For mercyall actes/ with crownes laureate.

Of this stronge castell/ is porter at the gate
Strong sturdy labour/ moche lyke a champyon
But goodly vertue/ a lady moost ornate
Within gouerneth/ with great prouysyon
But of this castell/ in the moost hyest trone
Is honour shinyng/ in rowme imperyall
Whiche vnrewarded/ of them leueth nat one
That come by labour/ and vertue prncypall.

Ferefull is labour/ without fauour at all
Dredefull of vysage/ a monster vntretable
Lyke Cerberus lyeng/ at gates infernall
To some men his loke/ is halfe intollerable
His shulders large/ for burthen stronge and able
His body bristled/ his necke mighty and styffe
By stourdy senewes/ his ioyntes strong and stable
Lyke marbyll stones/ his handes be as styffe.

Here must man vanquysshe/ the dragon of Cadmus
Agayne the Chymer/ here stoutly must he fight
Here must he vanquysshe/ the ferefull Pegasus
For the golden fleese/ here must he shewe his might
If labour gainsay/ he can nothyng be right
This monster labour/ ofte chaungeth his fygure
Somtyme an ore/ a boze/ or lyon wight
Plainly he semeth/ thus chaungyng his nature.

Lyke as Protheus/ofte chaunged his stature
Mutable of fygure' oftymes in one hour
Whan Aristeus/in bondes had hym sure
To dyuers fygures lykewise chaungeth labour
Under his browes he dredefully dothe lour
With glystring eyen/ and syde dependant berde
For thurst and hunger/ alway his chere is sour
His horned forheed/dothe make faynt hertis ferde.

Alway he drinketh/ and yet alway is dry
The sweate distyllyng/ worthe droppes habūdant
His brest and forheed / dothe humour multiply
By swetyng shoures/ yet is this payne plesant
Of day and of night/his restyng tyme is scant
No day ouerpasseth/ crempt of busynesse
His sight enfourmeth / the rude and ignorant
Who dare parseuer/he gyueth them richesse.

None he auaunceth/ but after stedfastnesse
Of lytell burthen/his bely is and small
His mighty thyes/ his vigour dothe expresse
His shankes sturdy/ and large fete withall
By wrathe he rageth/ and styll dothe chyde & brall
Suche as wolde entre/repellyng with his cry
As well estates/as homely men rurall
At the first entre/ he thretneth yrefully.

I trowe olde fathers/ whom men nowe magnify
Called this monster/ Mynerua stout and soure
For strength and senewes / of man moost comenly
Are tame and febled/by cures and laboure

Great Hercules the mighty conquerour
Was by this monster / ouercome and superate
All if he before / vnto his great honour
The sonne of Venus / had strongly subyngate.

Who wolde with honour / be purely laureate
Must with this mōster / longe tyme before cōtende
But lightly is man / ouercome and fatigate
To lady Vertue / if he nat wele entende
Whan strength is febled / she helpeth at the ende
Openyng the gates / and passage to honour
By whose assystence / soone may a man ascende
The hye degrees / of the tryumphant tour.

Wantyng enflamed / by goodly behauour
Of lady vertue / come to this toure with payne
But for the entre / pretendeth them rigour
Many one abassheth / reculyng backe agayne
To purchace honour / they wolde be glad and fayne
But fearfull labour / the porter is so fell
To them proclampng / their enterprise is vayne
Except they before / with hym contende and mell

Here mooste of all / must mannes might excell
With stedfast courage / and sure perseuerance
Els shall this monstre / hym backe agayne repell
But man preuayleth / by long contynuance
No costly treasure / nor so well of pleasance
Without price or payne / can man in erthe come by
So without labour / dothe vertue none auance
To parfyte honour / and noble seignory.

Faynt cowarde myndes/ soone at the first ecry
Of sturdy labour/ fall to the grounde as lame
Els ronne they bacwarde/ fast flyeng cowardly
As hertlesse wretches/ caryng nothyng for shame
But noble hertes/ to wynne immortall name
Fight at these gates/ tyll they ouercome labour
Than lady vertue/ with good reporte and fame
Suche knightes gydeth/ to laude & hye honour.

But cruell fortune/ to some is harde and soure
That after trauayle/ and many a deedly wounde
Whan lady vertue/ shulde graunt to them this toure
Than frowarde fortune/ thē betteth to the groūde
Of this example/ ouer many do habounde
But chefely this one/ the noble lorde Hawarde
Whan he chefe honoure/ was worthy to haue founde
False dethe and fortune/ berefte hym his rewarde

Long he contended/ in batayle strong and harde
With payne & labour/ with might repellyng wrōg
No backe he tourned/ as dothe some faynt cowarde
But with this monster/ boldely contended long
Whan he had broken/ the locke and dores strong
Ouercome the porter/ and shulde ascende the tour
To lyue in honour/ hye conquerours among
Than cruell fortune/ and dethe dyde hym deuour

Though he were borne/ to glory and honour
Of auncyent stocke/ and noble progeny
yet thought his courage/ to be of more valour
By his owne actes/ and noble chiualry

Lyke as becometh/ a knight to fortify
His princes quarell/ with right and equite
So dyde this Hawarde/ with corage valiantly
Tyll dethe abated/ his bolde audacyte.

O happy Sampson/ more fortunate than he
Onely in strength/ but nat in hye courage
O cruell fortune/ why durst thy cruelte
This flour of knighthode/ to slee in lusty age
Thou hast debated/ the flour of his lynage
If thou had mercy/ bewayle his dethe thou might
For cruell lyons/ and mo beestes sauage
Long tyme nat ceased/ sore to bewayle this knight

O dethe thou hast done/ agaynst bothe lawe & right
To spare a cowarde/ without danger or wounde
And thus soone to quenche/ of chiualry the light
O dethe enuyous/ mooste enmy to our grounde
What mooste auayleth/ thou soneste dost confounde
Why dyde nat vertue/ assyst her champyon
Thou might haue ayded/ for sothly thou was boũde
For duryng his lyfe/ he loued the alone.

O god almighty/ in thy eternall trone
To whom all vertue/ is dere and acceptable
If reason suffred/ to the our crye and mone
This dede might impute/ and fortune lamentable
Thou might haue left vs/ this knight moste honoura
Our welthe & honour/ to haue kept in degre (ble
Alas why hath dethe/ so false and disceyuable
Mankynde to tourment/ this wyll and lyberte.

It quencheth vertue/sparyng iniquite
The best it stryketh/ of badde hauyng disdayne
No helpe nor confort/ hath our aduersyte
Dethe dayly striketh/ though we dayly cõplayne
To treate a tyranne/ it is but thyng in vayne
Mekenesse prouoketh/his wrathe & tyranny
So at our prayer/dethe hath the more disdayne
We do by mekenesse/ his furour multiply.

If some fell tyranne/ replete with villany
Shulde thus haue endyng/the dede were cõmen-
But a stout capitayne/disposed to mercy (dable
So soone thus faded/the case lamentable
Was he nat humble/ioconde and companable
No man dispysing/ and first in all labour
Right wyse with mercy/ debonaire and tretable
Mate and companyon/ with euery soudyour.

Vyce he subdued/by goodly behauour
Lyke as a ryder/ dothe a wylde stede subdue
His body subget/ his soule was gouernour
From vice withdrawen/ to goodnesse and vertue
Whan pride rebelled/ mekenesse dyde eschue
Fre mynde and almes/subdued auarice
Alway he noted/ this sayeng iust and true
That noble myndes/ dispyseth couetyse.

His dethe declareth/that slouthe he dyde espyse
By hardy courage/ as first in ieopardy
Alway he vsed/ some noble exercyse
Suche as belongeth/to noble chiualry

In hym was there founde / no sparcle of enuy
Alway he lauded / and praysed worthynesse
Suche as were doughty / rewardyng largely
Wrathe saue in season / he wisely coude represse.

Of wyne or Bacchus / despysed he excesse
For myndes kyndled / to actes mercyall
Sekyng for honour / and name of doughtynesse
Despyseth surfet / and lyueng beestyall
In hym no power / had lust venerypall
For busy labour / and plesaunt abstynence
All corporall lust / soone causeth for to fall
No lust subdueth / where reigneth dilygence

He was a pyller / of sober contynence
His onely treasure / and to well was good name
But O cursed dethe / thy wrathfull violence
By stroke vnwarned / halfe blynded of his fame
Who may I accuse? who may I put in blame?
God for deth / or fortune / or impotent nature
God dothe his pleasure / & dethe wyll haue the same
Nature was mighty / long able to endure.

In fortune the faut is / holde nowe am I sure
I wolde if I durst / his tyranny accuse
O cursed fortune / if thou be creature
Who gaue the power / thus people to abuse
Thy mutable might / me causeth ofte to muse
Whan man is plunged / in dolour and distresse
Thy face thou chaungest / whiche tyde erst refuse
By sodayne chaunces / hym lyftyng to richesse.

And ſuche as long tyme/ haue lyued in nobles
Anone thou plungeſt/ in payne and pouerte
Welthe/ honoure/ ſtrength/ right/ iuſtyce/ & goodnes
Wiſery/ dolour/ lowe roume/ and iniquyte
Theſe thou rewardeſt/ lyke as it pleaſeth the
To mannes meryte/ without reſpect at all
One this day beyng/ in great authozite
Agayne to mozowe/ thou cauſeſt foz to fall.

Whan man is wozthy/ a roume imperyall
On hym thou gloumeſt/ with frowarde coũtenãce
Weyke is thy pzomes/ reuolupng as a ball
Thou haſt no fauour/ to godly gouernance
No man by meryte/ thou vſeſt to auance
O blynded foztune/ oftyme infoztunate
Whan man the truſteth/ than falleth ſome myſchance
Unwarely chaungyng/ his foztune and eſtate.

Tell me fraple foztune/ why dyde thou bzeuyate
The lyueng ſeaſon/ of ſuche a capitayne
That whan his actes ought to be laureate
Thy fauour tourned/ hym ſuffring to be ſlayne
I blame the foztune/ and the excuſe agayne
Foz thoughe thy fauour/ to hym was rigozous
Suche is thy cuſtome/ foz to be vncertayne
And namely whan man/ is hye and glozious.

But mooſt wozthy duke/ hye and vyctozious
Reſpyze to confozte/ ſe the vncertaynte
Of other pzinces/ whoſe foztune pzoſperous
Oftyme hath ended/ in harde aduerſyte

Rede of Pompeius/ whose pereles dignyte
Agayne great Cesar/ dyde welthe of Rome defende
Whom after fortune/ brought in captiuyte
That he in Egypt/ was heeded at the ende.

In lykewise Cesar/ whiche dyde with hym cõtende
Whan all the worlde/ to hym was subyngate
From his hye honour/ dyde sodaynly discende
Murdred in Rome/ by chaunce infortunate
Cato an Seneke/ with Tully Rewreate
These and mo lyke/ for all their sappence
Hath proued fortune/ sore blynding their estate
By wrongfull sclaunders/ and deedly violence.

To poore and riche/ it hath no difference
Olde Polycraces/ supposyng peryll past
With dethe dis honest/ ended his excellence
Great Alexander by fortune/ was downe cast
One draught of poyson hym fylled at the last
Whom all the worlde/ erst coude nat sacyate
What is all honour/ and power but a blast.
Whan fortune thretneth/ the lyfe to bycuyate

Beholde on Pyrrus/ the kyng infortunate
With a small stone/ deed prostrate on the grounde
Se Valeryan brought downe from his estate
From his empyre/ in Percy thrall and bounde
Of olde Priamus/ it is in writyng founde
Howe he by Pyrrus/ was in his palcis slayne
Paris and Hector/ receyued mortall wounde
To trust in fortune/ it is a thyng in vayne.

The mighty Cyrus/a kyng of realmes twayne
Was slayne & his hoost/of Thomyrus the quene
Thus is no mater/of fortune to complayne
All that newe falleth/of olde tyme hath ben sene
This shalbe/this is/and this hath euer bene
That bolde hertes/be nerest ieopardy
To dye in batayle/is honour as men wene
To suche as haue ioye/in hauntyng chiualry.

Suche famous endyng/the name dothe magnify
Note worthy duke/no cause is to complayne
His lyfe nat ended/foule nor dishonestly
In bedde nor tauerne/his lustes to meyntayne
But lyke as besemed/a noble capitayne
In sturdy harnesse/he dyed for the right
From dethes danger/no man may flye certayne
But suche dethe is metest/vnto a noble knight.

But dethe it to call/me thynke it is vnright
Sithe his worthy name/shall last parpetuall
To all his nacion/example and clere light
But to his progeny/moost specially of all
His soule is in pleasure/of glory eternall
So duke moost doughty/ioy may that noble tree
Whose braunches honour/shall neuer fade ne fall
Whyle beest is in erthe/or fysshes in the see.

Lo Codrus/I here haue tolde the by and by
Of shepherde Cornix/the wofull elegy
Wherin he mourned/the greuous payne and harde
And last departyng/of noble lorde Hawarde

More he endyted/ of this good admyrall
But truely Codrus/ I can nat tell the all.

¶ Codrus.

¶ Mynalcas/ I swere by holy Peters cope
If all thyng fortune/ as I haue trust and hope
yf happy wynde blowe/ I shall or it be long
Cōfort thy sorowe/ and wele rewarde thy song
What trust man a whyle/ tyll better fortune come
yf my parte be any / than shall thy parte be some.

¶ Mynalcas.

¶ yf thou in purpose / so to rewarde my hyre
God graunt the Codrus/ thy wysshing ⁊ desyre.

¶ Codrus.

¶ Forsothe Mynalcas/ I wysshe the so in dede
And that shalt ẏ knowe/ if fortune with me spede
Farewell Mynalcas/ for this tyme dieu te garde
Nere is wynter/ the worlde is to harde.

¶ Mynalcas.

¶ Go wretched nigarde/ god sende the care ⁊ payne
Our lorde let the neuer/ come hyder more agayne
And as dyde Mydas / god tourne it all to golde
That euer thou touchest/ or shalte in handes holde
For so moche on golde/ is fired thy lyking
That thou dispysest/ bothe vertue and cōnyng.

¶ Explicit.

¶ Thus endeth the fourthe Eglogge of Alexandre Barcley/ cōteyning the maners of riche men anenst poetes and other clerkes. Emprinted by Richarde Pynson/ priter to the kynges noble grace.

¶ The fyfte Eglog of Alexandre Barclay of the Cytezen and vplondyshman.

¶ Here after foloweth the Prologe.

60335

IN colde January/whan fyre is comfortable
And that the feldes/be nere intollerable
Whan shepe & pastoures/leueth felde & folde
And drawe to cotes/for to eschewe ỹ colde
What tyme the verdure/of groũde & euery tre
By frost and stormes/is pryuate of beaute
And euery small bryde/thynketh the wynter longe
Whiche well apereth/by ceasynge of theyr songe
At this same season/two herdes/freshe of age
At tyme apoynted/met bothe in one cotage
The fyrste hyght Faustus/the seconde Amyntas
Harde was to knowe/whiche better husbande was
For eche of them bothe/set more by pleasour
Than by habundaunce/of ryches or tresour
Amyntas was formalle/and proper in his gere
A man on his cloke/shoulde not aspyed a here
Nor of his clothynge/one wrynckle stode a wrye
In london he lerned/to go so manerly
Hygh on his bonet/stacke a fayre brothe of tynne
His pursys lymynge/was symple poore and thynne
But a lordes stomake/and a beggers pouche
Full yll accordeth/suche was this comely slouche
In the towne and cyte/so longe getted had he
That frome thens he fledde/for det and pouerte
No wafrer/tauerne/halehous/or tauerner
To hym was there hydde/whyle he was hosteler
Fyrste was he hosteler/and than a wafrer
Than a costermonger/and last a tauerner
Aboute all London/there was no proper prym
But longe tyme had ben/lamyliyer with hym
But whan coyne fayled no fauour more hadde he
Wherfore he was gladde/out of the towne to fle

But shepeherde Faustus/was yet moze foztunate
For alwaye was he/content with his estate
Yet nothynge he hadde/to confozte hym in age
Saue a meiche cowe/and a pooze cotage
The towne he vsed/and grete pleasure hadde
To se the cyte/oftyme whyle he was ladde
For mylke and botter/he thyther bzought to sell
But neuer thought he/in cyte foz to dwell
For well he noted/the madde enozmyte
Enuy/fraude/malyce/and suche inyquyte
Whiche reygne in cytes/therfoze he ledde his lyfe
Up londe in vyllage/without debate and stryfe
Whan these two herdes/were thus together met
Hauynge no charges/noz labour them to let
Theyr shepe were all sure/and closyd in a cote
Themselfe laye in lyttre/pleasauntly and hote
For costly was fyze/in hardest of the yere
Whā men haue most nede/thā euery thyge is dere
For passynge of tyme/and recreacyon
The bothe delyted/in cōmunycacyon
Namely they pledyd/of the dyuersyte
Of rurall husbondes/and men of the cyte
Faustus accused/and blamed Cytezyns
To them imputynge/grete fautes cryme & synnes
Amyntas blamed/the rurall men agayne
And eche of thē bothe/his quarcyl dyde maynteyne
All wzothe dyspysed/all malyce and yll wyll
Clene layde a parte/eche dyde reherse his skyll
But fyrste Amyntas/thus foz to specke began
As he whiche counted/hymselfe the better man

Finis Prologe.

Interlocutoures be Amyntas and Faustus.

Amyntas fyrste speketh.

THe wynter snowes/all couered is the grounde
The northe wynde blowys/all wa fereful soūde

The longe yse ſycles/at the hewſys honge
The ſtreames froſen/the nyght is colde and longe
Where botes rowed/now cartes haue paſſage
Frome yoke the oxen/be lowſed and bondage
The ploweman reſteth/auoyde of all buſyneſſe
Saue whan he tendeth/his harmes for to dreſſe
Wably his wyfe/ſytteth byfore the fyre
All blacke and ſmoke/clothed in rude atyre
Sethynge ſome grewell/and sterynge the pulment
Of peeſe or frument/a noble meete forlent
The ſomer ſeaſon/men counteth now laudable
Whoſe feruour before/they thought intollerable
The frosty wynter/and weder temperate
Whiche mē thā prayſed/they now dyſpryſe & hate
Colde they deſyred/but now it is preſent
The braule and grutche/theyr myndes not content
Thus mutable men/them pleaſed can not holde
At grete hete grutchyng/& grutchyng whā it is colde

¶ Fauſtus.

All pleaſure preſent/of men is counted ſmall
Deſyre obteyned/ſome counteth nought at all
What men hope after/that ſemeth grete and dere
At lyght by dyſtaunce/apereth great and clere.

¶ Amyntas.

Eche tyme and ſeaſon/hath his delyte and Joyes
Loke in the ſtretes/beholde the lytell boyes
How in fruyte ſeaſon/for Joye they ſynge and hope
In lent echeone/full buſy is with his tope
And now in wynter/for all the greuous colde
All rent and ragyd/a man maye them beholde
They haue great pleaſure/ſuppoſynge well to dyne
Whan men ben buſyed/in kyllynge of fat ſwyne

They get the bladder/and blowe it grete tand thyn
With many beanes/or peaſen bounde within
It ratleth/ſoundeth/and ſhyneth clere and fayre
Whyle it is throwen/and caſt vp in the ayre
Echone contendeth/and hath a grete delyte
With fote or with hande/the bladder for to ſmyte
Yf it fall to gronnde/they lyfte it vp agayne
This wyſe to labour/they count it for no payne
Rennynge and lappynge/they dryue awaye the colde
The ſturdy plowmen/luſty ſtronge and bolde
Ouercometh the wynter/with dryuynge the fote ball
Forgetynge labour/and many a greuous fall

¶ Fauſtus.

When labour forer/in fruyteles vanyte
Than in fayre warkes/of grete vtylyte
In ſuche thryftes/we labour for dāmage
Warke we dyſpyſe/whiche bryngeth auauntage

¶ Amyntas.

Towchynge theyr labour/it can not me dyſpleaſe
Whyle we be in reſte/and better here at eaſe
In the warme lyttre/ſmale payne hathe lytell hyre
Here maye we walowe/whyle mylke is on the fyre
Yf it be crudded/of brede we nede no crome
Yfthou byde Fauſtus/therof thou ſhalte haue ſome

¶ Fauſtus.

Wynter declareth/harde nede and pouerte
Than men it feleth/whiche haue neceſſyte
Treuly Amyntas/I tell the myne entent
We fonde yonge people/be moche improuydent
We ſtraye in ſomer/without thought/care/or hede
Of ſuche thynge as we/in wynter ſhall haue nede
As ſoone as we here/a bagpype or a drowne

Than leue we labour/there is our monaye gone
But whan the northe wynde/with stormes vyolent
Hath wrought cold wyter/pore wretches to turmēt
And voyde of leues/is euery bowe and tree
That one maye clerely/the emty nestes se
Than is all our woll/and lambes gone and solde
We tremble naked/and dye almost for colde
Our sholders all bare/our hose and showes rent
By retcheles youthe/thus all is gone and spent
This cometh for wantynge/of good prouysyon
Youthe dayneth counsayle/scornynge dyscrecyon
Whan pouerte thus/hathe caught vs in his snare
Than dothe the wynter/our madde foly declare
Now truly Amyntas/I tell the my mate
That towne dwellers lyue/gretely more fortunate
And somwhat wyser/be they also than we
They gather treasoure/and ryches in plente
They spoyle the lambes/and furrys of the skynne
To lappe theyr wombes/and fat sydes therin
In lust in pleasure/and in good habundaunce
Passe they theyr lyues/we haue not suffysaunce

Amyntas.

The men of the erthe/be fooles euerychone
We poore shepeherdes/be not to blame alone
More foly vereth/the man of the Cyte
I graunte vs ouersene/they madder be than we
Thoughe I longe season/dyde in the cyte dwell
I fauour it not/trouthe dare I boldely tell
Thoughe Cytezyns be/of lyuynge reprouable
Yet fortune to them/is moche more fauorable
Fortune to them/is lyke a moder dere
Is a stepmoder/she dothe to vs apere

Them she exalteth/to honour and ryches
Us she oppresseth/in care and wretchydnesse
What is vayne fortune/but thynge bytuperable
In vnhappy madnesse/vnworthy and vnstable

Faustus.

No doubte Amyntas/let me be fortunate
And than shall I soone/become a grete estate
My coyne shall encrease/than shortly shall I be
Called to office/to gouerne a cyte
All men shall here me/and gyue me credence
The comonte bareheed/shall do me reuerence
All other rules/lowe men and comonte
Shall gladly desyre/to haue aduyse of me
yf I be happy/and fortune on me smyle
Thus shall I assende/and mount within a whyle
Aske thou of Cornyx/declare to the he can
How coyne more than cõynge/exalteth many man

Amyntas.

O Faustus Faustus/thou erres frome the waye
This is not fortune/full lytell do she maye
Thoughe I myselfe/reherced but lately
That fortune hathe myght/a man to magnyfy
I kepe the opynyon/of wytles comonte
And grounded myselfe/on none auctorite
It is not fortune/that graunteth excellence
Trewe honour is wonne/by vertu and scyence
yf men gette honour/by other polecy
It is no honour/but wretched mysery
God maketh myghty/god gyueth trewe honour
To godly persones/of godly behauyour
God fyrste dysposed/and made dyuersyte
Betwene rude plowmen/and men of the Cyte

And in what maner/Cornyx thyne owne mate
As we went talkynge/recounted to me late
¶ Faustus.
What tolde the Cornyx/tell me I the praye
He hadde good reason/suche thynges to conuaye
His wyf was pregnant/no reason dyde he want
But trouthe to declare/his monaye was but scant
But what than/some man hath pleynte of cunnynge
Whiche hath of rychesse/smal pleynte or nothynge
¶ Amyntas.
In heryngе my tale/yf thou haue thy delyte
Than take some labour/for now is good respyte
Faustus aryse thou/out of thy lyttre hote
Go se and vysyte/our wethers in the cote
Aryse go and come/thou arte bothe yonge and able
After grete colde/hete is more comfortable
Go man for shame/he is a slouthfull dawe
Whiche leueth profyte/for pleasure of hote strawe
¶ Faustus.
Thynke not Amyntas/that Fastus hathe dysdayne
To do thy pleasure/I shall refuse no payne
Loke here Amyntas/lorde benedycyte
The cold snowe recheth/moche hygher thā my kne
Scant maye the houses/suche burthen well susteyne
Lesse hurte is tempest/and sodayne storme of rayne
On toppe of the chymnaye/there is an hepe of snowe
So hye extendynge/our steple is more lowe
The snowe is so whyte/and the sonne so bryght
That playnly Amyntas/amasyd is my syght
¶ Amyntas.
Gyue to the bestes/good rowen in pleynte
And stoppe all the holes/where thou can fautes se

Stop them wͭ stubbyll/efte daube them wͭ some claye
And whan ẏ hast done than come agayne thy waye
Nought is more noysom/to flocke/cotage/ne folde
Than sodayne tempest/and vnprouyded colde
What now all redy/frende Faustus here agayne
By shorte conclusyon/bad warke apereth playne
Thy comynge agayne/me thynke is all to soone
Ought to haue mended/or profyte to haue done

¶ Faustus.

This combrous wether/made me more dylygent
I ran all the waye/bothe as I came and went
And there I spedde me/and toke the greter payne
Because I lyghtly/wolde be with the agayne
After grete colde/it is full swete god wote
To tomble in the strawe/or in the lyttre hote
Now be we Fastus/in hey vp to the chynne
Fully thy promes/I praye the now begynne
Tell the begynnynge/of the dyuersyte
Betwene rurall men/and men of the cyte
I knowe the reason/and talkynge of Cornyx
But syth I hym sawe/be passed yeres syxe
His iocunde Iestes/made me oftetyme full gladde
Our fyrst acquayntaũce/was whan I was a ladde
Now speke my Faustus/and I shall holde me styll
Tyll thou haue ended/and spoken all thy wyll

¶ Amyntas.

This grete dyfference/and fyrste dyuersyte
Betweue rurall men/and them of the cyte
Began in this wyse/as cornyx me tolde
Whiche well coulde comon/of many maters olde
Fyrste whan the worlde/was fourmed and create
And Adam with Eue/were set in theyr estate

Our lorde conioyned them bothe/as man and wyfe
To lyue in concorde/the ſeaſon of theyr lyfe
And them commaunded/mankynde to multyply
By generacyon/to get them progeny
They bothe obeyed/this ſwete commaundement
With faythfull hertes/and labour dylygent
But wolde to Jheſu/they hadde ben wyſe and ware
Frome ỹ fatal fruyte/whiche kyndled all theyr care
But to my purpoſe/fyrſte Eue hadde chyldren two
A ſone and a doughter/our lorde dyſpoſed ſo
And ſo yere by yere/two twynnes forthe ſhe brought
Whan god allyſteth/man worketh not for nought
By ſuche maner/theſe two dyde them apply
The worlde to fulfyll/encreace and multyply
At laſt our lorde/at ende of fyftene yere
To Eue our moder/dyde on a tyme appere
And in what maner/now here me Jmyntas
Adam on the feide/forth with his wethers was
His flocke than he fedde/without all drede and fere
Than were no wowers/hym nor his wyfe to deare
He was not troubled/that tyme with Jelowſy
Than was no body/to do that dylany
No horned kyddes/were lyuynge at that tyme
Longe after this/began this curſed cryme
Than was no cocko/betwene the eeſt and weſt
To laye wronge egges/within a ſtraunge neſt
Than none ſuſpected/the lyuynge of his wyfe
Wedlocke was quyet/and pleaſaunt without ſtryfe
But after whan people/began to multyply
Than fyrſte was kyndled/the flame of Jelowſy
For that man commynneth/ſore dredeth he agayne
Fraude ſcreth falſhode/ſuſpectynge oft in vayne

A theefe suspecteth all men of felony
Brekers of wedlocke/be full of Jolousy
And therfore all suche/as with swerde do stryke
Fere to be serued/with the scaberde lyke
Thus whyle that Adam/was pytchynge of the folde
Eue was at home/and sate on the threshholde
With all her babys/and chyldren her about
Other on her lappe/within or elles without
Now hadde she pleasure/them collynge and bassynge
And efte was she busy/them lowsynge and kēmȳge
And busy with butter/for to anoynt theyr necke
Somtyme she musyd/them pleasauntly to decke
In the meane tyme/whyle she was occyppyed
Our lorde drawynge nere/she sodeynly espyed
Anone she blusshed/revolupnge in her mynde
That yf our lorde ther/should al those babys fynde
So sone engendred/suppolynge he nedes must
That it was token/of to great carnall lust
And all asshamed/as fast as euer she myght
She hasted and hydde/some of them out of syght
Some vnder hey/some vnder strawe and chaffe
Some in the chymnaye/some in a tubbe of draffe
But suche as were fayre/and of theyr stature ryght
As wyse and subtyle/reserued she in syght
Anone came our lorde/vnto the woman nere
And her saluted/with swete and smylynge chere
And sayde woman/let me thy chyldren se
I come to promote/eche after his degre
Fyrste was the woman/amasyd nere for drede
At the last she commaunded/the eldest to procede
And gaue them confort/to haue audacyte
Though they were bolder/& doubted lesse than she

God on them ſmyled/and them comforted ſo
As we with whelpes/and byrdes vſe to do
And than at the laſte/to the moſt olde of all
He ſayde haue thou Ceptre/of rome imperyall
Thou arte the eldeſt/thou ſhalte haue mooſt honoure
Juſtyce requyreth/that thou be emperoure
Than to the ſeconde/he ſayde it is ſemynge
That thou be haunſed/to honour of a kynge
And vnto the thyrde/he gaue ſuche dygnyte
To guyde an army/and noble duke to be
And ſayde haue thou here/harde yron and armoure
Be thou in batayle/a heed and a gouernoure
And ſo forthe to other/as they were in degre
Eche he promoteth/to worthy dygnyte
Some made he erles/ſome lordes ſome barons
Some ſquyers/knyghtes/ſome hardy chāpyōs
And thā brought he forthe/the Ceptre and the crowne
The ſwerde/ꝯ pollax/the helme and ꝯ haberiowne
The ſtremer/ſtandarde/the getton/and the mace
The ſpere/ꝛ the ſheide/now Eue hadde grete ſolace
He gaue them armoure/and taught them policy
All thynge to gouerne/concernynge chyualry
Than made he Juges/mayres and gouernoures
Warchauntes/ſhreues/and other protectoures
Aldermen/burgeyſes/and other in degre
After the cuſtome/of courte/and of Cyte
Thus all the chyldren/than beynge in preſence
He ſet in honour/and rowme of excellence
Of tyme reuoluynge/and tournynge in his mynde
The caduke honoures/belongynge to mankynde
In the meane ſeaſon/Eue very toyfull was
That all theſe maters/were brought ſo well to pas

Than fle them hast/for to haue pleasour more
And them presented/whom she hadde hydde before
And enquyred/presentynge them sayde she
O lorde these also/my veray chyldren be
These be the fruyte/also of my wombe
Hyd for shamefastnesse/within my house at home
O lorde most myghty/hye fader cretour
Withsaue to graunt them/some offyce of honour
Theyr heer was rugyyd/poudred all with chaffe
Some full of strawes/some other full of draffe
Some with cobwebbes/and dust were so arayed
That one beholdynge on them/myght be afrayde
Blacke was theyr colour/and bad was theyr fygure
Uncomely to syght/mysshapen of stature
Our lorde not smyled on them/to shewe pleasaunce
But sayde to them thus/with trowbled coũtenaũce
Ye smell all smoky/of stubbyll and of chaffe
Ye smell of the grounde/of wedes mud of draffe
And after your sent/and tedyous sauoure
Shall be your rowmes/and all your behauour
None can a pytcher/tourne to a syluer pece
Nor make goodly syke/of a gotes fleece
And harde is also/to make withouten fayle
A bryght two hande swerde/of a cowes tayle
Nomore wyll I make/how be it that I can
Of a vyle vylayne/a noble gentylman
Ye shall be plowemen/and tyllers of the grounde
To payne and labour/shall ye alwaye be bounde
Some shall kepe oxen/and some shall hogges kepe
Som shall be threshers/som other shall kepe shepe
To dyg and to delue/to hedge and to dyke
Take this for your lot/and other labour lyke

To drudge and to dreuyll/in warkes vyle and rude
This wyse shall ye lyue/in endeles scruytude
Ryppynge/and mowynge/of fother gras & corne
Yet shall towne dwellers/ofte laughe you vnto scorn
Yet some shall we graunt/to dwell in the cyte
For to make podynges/or butchers for to be
Coblers/or tynkers/or elles costard Jaggers
Hostelers/or daubers/or drowpy water laggers
And suche other sorte/whose dayly busynesse
Palleth in warkes/and labour of vylenes
To stowpe/and to swete/and subiecte to become
And neuer to be rydde/from bondage & thraldome
Than brought our lorde/to them the carte & harowe
The gad/& the whyp/ỹ matoke & the wheelebarow
The spade/the shouell/the forke and the ploughe
And all suche towles/than bad he them be toughe
And neuer to grutche/at labour nor at payne
For yf they so dyde/it shoulde be thynge in vayne
Thus sayde the father/and lorde omnypotent
And than he ascended/vp to the fyrmament
Thus began honour/and thus began bondage
And dyuersyte/of cyte and vyllage
And seruyle labour/fyrste in this wyse began
Demaunde of Cornyx/declare the trouthe he can
This tolde me Cornyx/whiche dwelled in the fen
I truste his sayenge/before a thousande men

¶ Faustus.

Is this the mater/praysed of the so sore
I straw for fables/I set by them no store
It were a meruayle/yf Cornyx mater tolde
To laude of shepeherdes/or plowmen to vpholde
He dwelt in the towne/and hyde with the cyte

Tyll nede hym mouyd/as it hathe dryuen the
Whan none of you bothe/dare to the towne resorte
Amonge vs shepeherdes/yet fynde ye here consorte
So bothe thou and he/be gretely for to blame
To ete our vytayle/and than to hurte our name
The yonge men of townes/to mocke vs haue a guyse
Nought elles can they do/sauc lyes to deuyse
This vayne inuencyon/and folysshe fayned fable
Agayne rurall men/they haue delyte to bable
And nought they asshame/as blynde wretches vnwyse
Of god almyghty/suche leasynges to deuyse
This scornfy scoffynge/declareth openly
Agaynste rurall men/rebuke and iniury
But thou arte so rude/thy paunche is so fatte
Agayne thyne owne selfe/thou busy arte to chatte
Alyke this same Jest/is thy rebuke and blame
Thy dullyd reason/can not perceyue the same
But I wall proue the/that rurall people be
More wyse and noble/than they of the cyte
And that the cyte/is full of fraude and stryfe
Whan we in vyllage/haue good and quyet lyfe

Amyntas.

I praye the Faustus/herefore be thou not wrothe
To haue displeasoure of the/I were ryght lothe
I thought no mawgre/I tolde it for a bourde
Yf I hadde knowen/I shoulde haue sayd no worde
But saye thy pleasure/now tell forthe thy sentence
And I shall here the/with sobre pacyence

Faustus.

I shall not denye/our payne and seruytude
I knowe that plowmen/for the mooste parte be rude
Now shall I tell the/hygh maters trewe & olde

Whiche curteys Candydus/vnto me ones tolde
Nought shall I forge/nor of no lesynge bable
This is trewe hystory/and no surmysed fable
At the benynnynge/of thynges fyrste of all
God made shepeherdes/and other men rurall
But the fyrste plowman/and tyller of the grounde
Was rude and stordy/dysdaynynge to be bounde
Rughe and stoborne/and Cayn dyde men hym call
He hadde no mercy/and pyte none at all
But lyke as the grounde/is dull/stony/and toughe
Stubberne and heuy/rebellynge to the ploughe
So the fyrste ploughman/was stronge and obstynate
Frowarde selfe wyllynge/and mouer of debate
But the fyrste shepeherde/was meke & nothynge fell
Humble as is a lambe/and called was Abell
A shepe gyueth mylke/and lytell hathe of gall
So this good Abell/hadde none yll wyll at all
No shepeherde founde hym/iniuryous nor wronge
In durynge his lyfe/whyle he was them amonge
And oft of his flocke/made he good sacrysyce
Of calfe or lambes/suche as were most of pryce
And of fat wethers/the best not spared he
To honour our lorde/and pease his deyte
Thus hadde he fauour/with god omnypotent
So pleasynge our lorde/that to this tyme present
From fyrst begynnynge/of erth. and man mortall
God hathe hadde fauoure/to people pastorall
And poore shepeherdes/theyr cotes/felde and shepe
Aungelles haue come/for to defende and kepe
Some shepeherdes were/in londe of asserye
Thiche after haue ben/promoted very hye
So that from cotes/and houses pastorall

They haue ascended/to dygnyte royall
Chargys and labour/so dothe my reason blynde
That call theyr names/can I not vnto mynde
Yet let me stody/auoydynge perturbaunce
So maye I call them/vnto my remembraunce
Lo now I haue them/Abraham/and Iacob
Lot/Isaac/yonge Joseph/and Job
These now rehersed/and all the patryarches
Haue not dysdayned/for shepe nor herdes warkes
Them hathe our lorde/called from humble thynges
And made them prynces/dukes/other kynges
So haue they chaunged/theyr clothynge pastorall
With golden garment/purpure/and gaye pall
And than haue after by magnanymyte
Brought noble royalmes/in theyr captyuyte
And haue in batayle/ben myghty conquerours
Won fame immortall/and excellent honours
Parys was pastour/the sone of Pryamus
Pan/Sylene/Orpheus/and Joly Tyterus
Sawll was shepherde/so was he in lykewyse
Whiche wolde haue offred/his sone in sacrifyse
Moyses was shepherde/and was his flocke keppynge
Whan he came barefote/vnto the busshe flamynge
Commanded by god/to leue his flocke and go
On goddes message/to sturdy Pharao
Also Apollo was herde/somtyme in Grece
No thynge dysdaynynge/to handle ewe and fleece
As wryteth poetes/he lefte dyuyne honour
Gladde amonge wethers/to be a gouernour
The blessyd aungelles/brought to suche men as we
Message of concorde/of peas/and vnyte
And songe that gloria/styenge in the skye

Whiche our syr Sapson doth synge so merely
Fyrst hadde shepeherdes sure tydynge by message
That god was made man to bye hamaync lynage
And herdes instructe by voyce angelycall
Sawe god incarnate and borne fyrste of all
And this was pleasour of goddes maieste
That symple herdes hym fyrste of all soulde se
And in theyr maner make vnto hym offrynges
Before estates as ryche and myghty kynges
The holy harper whiche after was a kynge
And slewe the gyaunt so stoutly with his slynge
Was fyrste a shepeherde or he hadde dygnyte
Ryght so were many as stoute and bolde as he
And our lorde Jhesu our god and sauyour
Named hymselfe a shepeherde or a pastour
Ryght so he named men meke and pacyent
His flocke and his shepe for maners innocent
Thynke not these wordes glosyd nor in vayne
They are the gospell so sayth syr Peter playne
I sawe them myselfe well paynted on the wall
Late gasynge vpon our chyrche cathedrall
I sawe grete wethers in pycture and small lambes
Dauncynge some sleppynge some sowkynge of theyr
And some on ỹ groũde me semed lyenge styll (dames
Than sawe I horsemen at pendant of an hyll
And the thre kynges with all theyr company
Theyr crownes glyweryng bryght and ozyently
With theyr presentes and gyftes mystycall
All this beheldе I in pycture on the wall
But the poore pastoures as people innocent
Fyrst sawe the Cryb of our lorde omny potent
Thus it apereth god loueth poore pastours

Seth he them graunted/to haue to grete honours
Our lorde hathe fauour/bothe in the shepe and folde
As it apereth/by the hostoryes olde
Our lorde is redy/to socour the village
Despysynge townes/for malyce and outrage
For god is content/with symple pouerte
Pryde he despyseth/and wrongfull dygnyte

¶ Amyntas.

In good fayth Faustus/thy tale is verytable
Grounded on lernynge/and gretly commendable
Lately myselfe/to se that pycture was
I sawe the manger/I sawe the oxe and asse
I well remembred/the people in my mynde
Me thynke yet I se/the blacke facys of ynde
Me thynke yet I se/the herdes and the kynges
And in what maner/were ordred theyr offrynges
As longe as I lyue/the better shall I loue
The name of herdes/and cytezyns reproue
Wherfore mate Faustus/I praye god gyue the care
Yf thou the fautes/of ony cyte spare
Speke on/and spare not/and touche theyr errour
Yet maye me comon/more than a large houre.

¶ Faustus.

Than tourne we to talke/a whyle of Cytezyns
To touche theyr foly/and parcell of theyr synnes
Thynke not Amyntas/that they of the cyte
Lyue better lyfe/or wyselyer than we
All yf theyr clothynge/be doubled for the colde
And thoughe they glyster/so gayly in bryght golde
Shynynge in sylkes/in purpure/or veluet
In furryd robys/or clokes of scarlet
And we poore herdes/in russet cloke and hode

It is not clothynge/can make a man be good
Better in in ragges/pure lyuynge innocent
Than a soule defyled/in sumptuous garment
Trust me Amyntas/my selfe with these same eyen
Haue in the eyte/suche ostentymes seen
Set in theyr sylkes/and bragge in the market
As they were lordes/I oft haue seen them set
Whiche are starke beggers/and lyue in nede at home
And oft go to bedde/for nede with empty wombe
Nought is more folysshe/than suche wretches be
Thus with proude porte/to cloke theyr poucrte
What is nede clothed/or fayned habundaunce
Poucrte/slouthe/and wretched gouernaunce
What is fayre semblaũce/with thought and heuynes
For soth nought elles/but cloked folysshnes
And some haue I seen/whiche is a thynge damnable
That whyle they wolde haue/a lyuynge delectable
Rest at theyr pleasure/and fare delycyously
Haue suffered theyr wyues/defyled wyttyngly
Haue solde theyr doughters/floure of bryghtnyte
O deed vnworthy/O blynde inquyte
Fame honour the soule/and chastyte be solde
For wretchyd lyuynge/o cursed thurst of golde
O damnable dede/so many for to spyll
One wretchyd carkes/and bely for to fyll
What thynge is vyler/what more abhominable
What thynge more folysshe/more fals & detestable.

¶ Amyntas.

What yf they can not/to other craft them gyue
Nor fynde ather waye/or meanes for to lyue
Nede hath no lawe/of two ylles parde
To chose the leest yll/is none iniquyte

Seth they haue as many/soules as haue we
As moche of reasone/and handes lyke plente
Why maye they not/to honest warke the gyue
And fynde other waye/and maner for to lyue
No lawe permytteth/nor wylleth man parde
To commyt mordre/for harde neressyte
No more shoulde ony/his soule defyle nor kyll
For lust transytory/or pleasure to fulfyll
Yet be in cytees/mo suenge folysshnes
Wenynge by crafte/for to haue grete ryches
By whiche craftes/no man hathe ryches founde
Syth tyme ỳ our lorde/fyrst fourmed mā & groũde
As Alkemystys/wenynge by polecy
Nature to alter/and coyne to multyply
Some wasshe rude metall/with lycours manyfolde
Of herbes wenynge/to tourne in to golde
All pale and smoky/by suche contynuall
And after labour/they lose theyr lyfe and all
An other sort is/to this not moche vnlyke
Whiche spēde theyr tymes/i wretchyd art magyke
Therby supposynge/some treasour to haue founde
Whiche many yeres/is hydde within the grounde
What is more folysshe/more full of vanyte
Or more repugnynge/to fayth and probyte
Because they wolde fle/good busynesse and payne
They vse suche tryfles/& wretched thynges vayne
They proue all thynges/because the wolde do nought
Styll sekyge newes/styll troubled i theyr thought
Because they wolde fle/the labour of the lande
All ydle tryfles/such taketh on theyr hande
Styll be they busy/and neuer come to ende

To thynge profytable/do fewe of them intende
Some lyue by rappyne/gyle/fraude and polecy
Periury/oppressyon/and some in vsury
Some gladly borowe/and neuer paye agayne
Some kepe from seruaũtes/ỹ stipẽd of theyr payne
Some rest men gyltles/and caste them in pryson
Some by stronge theues/out of the dongyon
Some fawn some flater/mã trust not whã they smyle
Than frame the fraudes/men slyly to begyle
Some in one houre/more promes to the wyll
Than all his dayes/he thynketh to fulfyll
By thousande meanes/of fraude and craftynesse
Ly they in wayte/for honour and rychesse
They fede the ryche/and often let the pore
Dye for pure colde/and hungre at theyr dore
We fede fat oxen/they Marmosettes kepe
We fede fat kyddes/Lambes/and good shepe
And they fede hawes/apes/also houndes
And small is theyr Joye/saue here wyn our boũdes
We brynge them butter/egges/chese/and woll
Tancardes of mylde/and creame fletynge full
All maner flesshe/and all theyr hole lyuynge
Without our labour/truely they haue nothynge
We are the feders/of wethers and fat hogges
And they of the cyte/fede brydes/and grete dogges
Now Juge Amyntas/which of these semeth the
Of most auauntage/and most nobylyte

Amyntas.

If by your labour/procedeth more rychesse
And most auaũtage/as semeth trouthe doubteles
Than this I meruayle/that they of the cyte
Haue so grete pleynte/and we necessyte

The cause can not I/call to my remembraunce
Wherof proceedeth/theyr store and habundaunce

Faustus.

The cause I tolde the/what woldest thou haue more
By fraude/and falshode/haue they so mykyll store
Seest thou not playnly/how they of the cyte
Dayly dysceyueth/our poore symplycyte
With that crueltie/agaynste vs they rage
By fals oppressyon/or fayre fayned langage
They thynke it pleasoure/that sorowe on them hap
By glosed wordes/to take vs in trappe
The most of them all/count it an almes dede
Us herdes to fraude/this is a gentyll mede
For them we labour/in hete/wynde/colde and rayne
And fraude & dysceyte/the paye vs for our payne
With myndes and tongue/they stody and they muse
Bothe daye and nyght/vs herdes to abuse
Theyr wyt and body/all hole do they ply
For vs poore wretches/to stody policy
And after theyr fraude/gyle and decepcyon
Than do they laughe vs/vnto derysyon

Amyntas.

How came thou to knowlege/of this enormyte
And of these maners/of them of the cyte
My selfe there wonned/and there was couuersaunt
Of some of these thynges/yet am I gnoraunt

Faustus.

Thou coude not percepue well/theyr enormyte
Parchaūce thy maners/dyde with theyr lyfe agre
There seldome is sene/grete contradyccyon
Where men accordeth in dyspolycyon
No faute with moryans/is blacke dysformyte

Because all the sorte/lyke of theyr fauour be
So couthe thou not se/theyr vyces nor them blame
Because thy owne lyfe/was fyled with the same
But how I knowe them/now shall I tell to the
Whyle I brought butter/to sell to the Cyte
And other vytayle/I vsed mylke to cry
Than hadde I knowlege/with an apotecary
Of hym I lerned/moche fashode and practyse
Not to the purpose/the same to excercyse
He couthe make playsters/ꝛ newe cōmyxcyons
In valour scant worthe/a couple of onyens
Yet solde he the same/as it were golde so dere
Namely/yf happened/ony infectyfe yere
I was aquaynted/with many an hucster
With a costardemonger/and with an hostler
This thefe was crafty/poore people to begyle
None lyke I suppose/within a dosen myle
Amonge all other/his fraudes and his crymes
He solde one botell/of hey a dosen tymes
And in the otes/couthe he well droppe a candell
Well knewe he how/his gestes for to handle
And in the same In/there dwelt a prety pryme
She couthe well flater/and glose with hym ꝛ hym
And necke a mesure/her smyrkynge gan her sale
She made ten shylynge/of one barell of ale
Whome she begyled/in pottes she was fayne
To wyn them w̄ flesshe/and paynted loke agayne
And as I remembre/her name was wanton besse
Who leest with her delt/he thryued not the lesse
What nede more processe/no crafte of the cyte
Is but is myngled/with fraunde and subtylte
Saue onely the crafte/of an apotycary

That is all fraude/and gyleſull polecy
But all theſe wolde ſwere/that they were innocent
Or they to the cyte/dyde fyrſte of all frequent
There lerned they/theſte and fraude to exercyſe
And man of nature/is moued ſoone to vyce
Some be alſo/whiche ſpende theyr patrymony
Whiche was to them lette/by theyr olde auncestry
On queanes/bawdes/in ryot and dronkenesſe
Theyr name defylynge/deſpyſynge all goodneſſe
With coſt and paynes/ſuche buſuly labour
Sekynge for ſhame/and dethe before theyr houre
Saye where is cuſtome/of fornycacyon
Inceſt auoutry/and deflouracyon
Forſynge of women/murdre and rapyne
Dyſcorde & braulynge/and lyuynge lyke to ſwyne
Malyce/enuy/and all iniquyte
Do theſe not rayne/in myddes of the cyte
All newe abuſyon/prouokynge men to ſynnes
Hadde fyrſt begynnynge/amonge the cytezyns
Where dwell grete prynces/aud myghty gouernours
Theyr lyfe dyſpyſynge/for to haue vayne honours
Cappytaynes/ſouldyours/and all lyke company
Whiche put for money/theyr lyfe in ieopardy
Theſe dwell not vpon londe/but haunteth the cyte
Poore herdes fyght not/but for neceſſyte
For lyberte/lyfe/and iuſtyce to vpholde
Towne dwellers fyght/for vayne honour/& golde
We fyght/our frendes/and houſholde to defende
They fyght for malyce/to ryches to aſcende
Our cauſe and quarell/is to meynteyne the ryght
But all on ſelfe wyll/without reaſon they fyght
They ſeke by woundes/for honour and ryches

And dryue the wekest/to hardest busynes
O blynde sowdyour/why settest thou thy hert
For a vayne stypende/agayne a mortall darte
By thousande perylys/thou takest thy passage
For a small Lucre/rennynge to grete dammage
They swete lyke they gyue/for a poore stypende
And ofte lese they bothe/and heuen at the ende
Whyle some contendeth/and fyghteth for his wage
His lyfe he spendeth/than fare well auauntage
What is more folysshe/or lyker to madnesse
Than to spende the lyfe/for glory and rychesse
What thynge is glory/laude prayesynge or fame
What honour report/or what is noble name
For sothe nought but voyce of wytles comonte
And vayne opynyon/subiecte to to vanyte
Processe of yeres/reuoluynge of season
Bryngeth all these/soone in obliuyon
Whan lyfe is faded/all these ben out of syght
Lyke as with the sonne departeth the daye lyght
They all be fooles/whiche medleth with the see
And otherwyse myght lyue/in theyr owne countre
He is but a foole/whiche runneth to tempest
And myght lyue on londe/in suerte and in rest
He is but a foole/whiche hathe of good plenty
And it dysdayneth/to vse and occupy
And he whiche lyueth/in care and wretchydnes
His heyre to promote/to londes and rychesse
Is most foole of all/to spare in mysery
With good and londes/his heyre to magnyfy
And he which leueth/that thynge for to be done
Unto his doughter/executour or sone
Whiche he hymselfe/myght in his lyfe fulfyll

He is but a foole/ond hath but lytell skyll
But all these sortes/within the cyte be
They want of wysdome/and suc enormyte
And also the youthe/in dayes festyuall
Do nought but folowe/theyr lustes bestyall
The weke they vse them/in worldly busynesse
The sondaye serueth/to folowe vycyousnes
What tyme the shoppes/be closed all and shyt
Than is the market/with Thays/Beale/& kyt
On hyest dayes/suche ware in namely solde
For nought it waxeth/yf it be ones olde
Upon the sondaye/whan men shoulde god honour
Lesse is good laboure/ensued is errour
Oftyme the olde frere/that wonned in grenewyche
Agayne suche folyes/was boldly wont to preche
He sayde where baudes/and theyr abusyone
Were wonte to abyde/in one vyle place alone
Now are they sprencled/and sparcled abrode
Lyke wyse as shyppes/be docked in a rode
That harde is to knowe/good women frome the yll
By yll example/good are in doubte to spyll
Bawdes be suffred/so where they lyste to byde
That the strete fadeth/vpon the water syde
Cate/Jyll mably/Phylys/and feat Jeny
Because of the cyte/now can not get one peny
Vyle Thays was wont/in angles for to be
Now hathe she power/in all the hole cyte

Tamyntas.

Thou paiest mesure/Faustus by god a bowe
Thou sayst of malyce/ryght well perceyue I nowe
Wytygate thy mynde/and tongue for it is shame
Men of the cyte/thus largely to blame

What man is fautles/remembre the vylage
How men vplondysshe/on holy dayes rage
Nought can them tame/they be a beastly sort
In swete and labour/hauynge most chefe comforte
On the holy daye/as soone as morne is past
Whan all men resteth/whyle all the daye dothe last
They drynke/they banket/they reuell and they Jet
They lepe/they daunce/despysynge ease and rest
Yf they ones here/a bagpype or a drone
Anone to the elme/or oke be they gone
There vse they to daũce/to gambaud/and to rage
Suche is the custome/and vse of the vyllage
Whan the groũde resteth/from rake plough & wheles
Thã must they it trouble/wt burthen of theyr heles
To Baccus they banket/no feest is festyuall
They chyde and the chat/they vary and they brall
They rayle and they route/they reuell and they cry
Laughynge/and lepynge/& makynge cuppes drye

¶ Faustus.

What stynt thou thy chat/these wordes I defy
It is to a vylayne/rebuke and vylanye
Suche rurall solace/so playnly for to blame
Thy wordes soundeth/to thy rebuke and shame

¶ Amyntas.

Not so frende Faustus/I spoke it but in game
Agayne to the cyte/retourne in gooddes name

¶ Faustus.

Yet of the cyte/mo foles tell can I
Whiche wene to nombre/the sterres of the skye
By them supposynge/eche desteny to tell
But all be fooles/that with this mater mell
Yet be they madder/whiche fyxeth theyr entent

To serche the nature/of god omnypotent
And dare be so bolde/to set theyr mortall syght
On incomprehensyble/and pure immortall lyght
Our fayth is better/for they of the cyte
Beleue by reason/with grete dyffyculte
Or they wyll byleue/they brawle with argument
Playne speche suffyseth/vs people innocent
Agayne syr Sampson/theyr quarell they defende
We aske no questyon/and vse not to contende
We lyght the alters/and many candels offre
Whan they of the towne/skantly make a proffer
Theyr fayth is feble/our fayth is sure and stable
They dare be bolde/with doctours for to bable
A worldly marchaunt/nought knowynge of doctryne
Because of his coyne/counteth his reason fyne
Trust me Amyntas/no force who hereth me
The coyne and connynge/doth not alwaye agre
For some be that haue/grete pleynte of that one
Whiche of that other/haue lytell parte or none
What shoulde the foles/that dwell in the cyte
Or we seke to knowe/of goddes pryuyte
Yf it were nedefull/the godhed for to knowe
To symple wretches/here on the grounde alowe
It is in power/of god omnypotent
His very presence/to vs to represent
But seth his knowlege/is comprehensyble
Why seketh fooles/for thynges impossyble
And seth god wyll be/vnknowen vnto vs
Why sholde thyne mortall/of endeles thyng dyscus
And ruyall people/in almys doth excell
Aboue all the sorte/whiche in the cyte dwell
We gyue woll and chese/our wynes coyne and egges

Whan freres flater/and pryle theyr propre legges
For a score of pynnes/and nedles two or thre
A gentell cluner/two cheles hadde of me
Phylys gaue coyne/because he dyd her charme
Euer syth that tyme/lesse hathe she felte of harme
Yet is in thecyte/a nombre incurable
Pleders/and brokers/a foule and shamefast rable
Marchauntes of Justyce/hunters of ryches
Cratchers of coyne/delayers of processe
Prolongynge causes/and makynge wronge of rycht
And rycht of plaine wrōge/oppressyng law wt mycht
Jaylers of Justyce/theyr cursed couetyse
Watreth the plantes/of cruelte and vyce

Tamyntas.

This haue I proued/by playne experyence
But tell me Faustus/what causeth this offence

Faustus.

The rote and the grounde/of this mysgouernaunce
Is fauour reward/and wylfull ygnoraunce
Whan coyn or fauour/ones dymmeth hath the sycht
Adieu all Justyce/in pryson layd is rycht
Yet be in townes/a rable fraudelent
Murdrers of people/and fre of ponysshement
Vauntynge and bostynge/themselfe of medycyne
And nought perceynynge/of scyence and doctryne
Yf they be letred/with rynges and with cheynes
Than may they handle/and touche prynp baynes
Name all dyseases/and sores at theyr wyll
Auoyde of connynge/of reason other sayll
Suche ryde on mules/and pages by theyr syde
But yf they hadde rycht/on asses shoulde they ryde
Is touchynge rulers/of all the comonte

The more that they haue of hye auctorite
Of lyberte wyll/and synguler pleasure
So moche the more/poore people they deuoure
The houndes somtyme/wont folde for to kepe
Be now wylde wolues/deuourynge all the shepe
Rulers be robbers/and pyllers be pastours
Gone is the guydynge/of godly gouernours
O where be rulers/meynteyners of Justyce
Where be subduers/and slakers of all vyce
Where be the frendes/of mercy and pyte
Somtyme well rulynge/not spoylynge of the cyte
Where be chast rulers/iust meke and lyberall
Chaunged is fortune/dethe hathe deuoured all
The worste remayneth/gone ben the meke and Just
In stede of vertue/ruleth frewyll/and lust
where be the fathers/tyght worthy an empyre
Of whome men counted/gaye tales by the fyre
Somtyme with tales/and otherwhyle with songe
So dryuynge a waye/the wynter nyghtes longe
Alas Amyntas/nought bydeth that is good
No not my cokers/my tabert/nor my hood
All is consumed/all spent and worne be
So is all goodnesse/and welthe of the cyte
The temples pylled/dothe bytterly complayne
Poore people wayleth/and cal for helpe in vayne
Poore wydous sorowe/and chyldren fatherles
In vayne bewayleth/whan wolues them oppresse
Syn hath no scourge/and vertu no rewarde
who loueth wysdome/his fortune is but harde
Counceyll and cunnynge/now tombles in the dust
But what is the cause/lawe tourned is to lust
Lust standeth in stede of lawe/and of Justyce

Wherby good lyuynge/subdued is by vyce

¶ Amyntas.

I tell the Faustus/this hastynes of the
Passeth the bondes/of ryght and honeste
All men thou blamest/by wrothe and hastynesse
As all cytezyns/were full of vycyousnesse
What man remembre/some lyue in innocence
Some in the Cyte/be partles of offence

¶ Faustus.

I am not angry/I saye but veryte
Here me Amyntas/one clause with breuyte
As many todes/as bredeth in Irelonde
As many Grypes/as bredeth in Englonde
As many Cockowes/as synge in January
And nyghtyngales/as synge in February
And as many whalys/as swymmeth in the sen
So many ben there/in cytes of good men

¶ Amyntas.

A good man is geason/not easy to be founde
On londe or in cyte/or ouer all the grounde
Many thynges longe/vnto a parfyte man
Aske that of Codrus/declare the trouthe he can
Badnes encreaseth/and ouer fast doth the growe
Goodnes and vertu/in comynge vp ben slowe

¶ Faustus.

Thou art madde I trowe/so many foes haue we
As dwell cytezyns/in all the hole cyte
They clyp vs/they poll vs/they pyll vs to the skyn
And what they may get/ẏ thynke they well to wyn
To theft they constrayne vs/I tell the by all Halows
And after by and by/they sende vs to the Galows
Therfore it is reason/ẏ fought of theyrs hap

Or come to our clawes/it prycely to trap
They vs oft dysceyue/dysceyue we them agayne
Deuyse we slyly/gyle subtyll and trayne
But this Amyntas/to me is greteſt grefe
And doubt for it is yll/stelynge from a theſe
Yf it be ſecret/we maye it well deny
Yf it be knowen/excuſe it craftely
Preue felony/thoughe it be vſed longe
Is not called theft/but iniury and wronge
All that they haue/within theſe townes playne
Is our harde labour/sore trauayle & grete payne

¶ Amyntas.

Now thou exceedeſt/the marke of equyte
Thou paſſeſt reaſon/Fauſtus I tell to the

¶ Fauſtus.

What than Amyntas/haue pacyence a whyle
Towne dwellers vyces/do the all the worle defyle
The ayre is corrupt/by theyr enormyte
Theſe ſomer ſtormes/whēce come they tell thou me
Lyghtnynge/grete wyndes/flodes/hayle/& thundre
I well remembre/oftyme the grounde here vnder
Ryght ſore hathe quaked/and cauſed houſes fall
Vyce of the cyte/is rote and cauſe of all
The ſonne in myddaye/oftyme hathe loſt his lyght
In lykewyſe the mone/in ſeaſon of the nyght
Bothe hathe ben blacke/or elles reed as blode
This ſygne Amyntas pretendeth vs no good
Why growe the wedes/and cokyll in the corne
Why is haye and graſſe/oftymes all forlorne
Why loſe we our ſede/our labour und expence
Where cometh moryen/and greuous peſtylence
All theſe procedeth/by madde enormyte

And corrupte maners/of them of the cyte
And wors is lykely/yet afterwarde to fall
Yf they not refourme/theyr lyuynge bestyall
Whence came the furour/of harnes and batayle
Which causeth wydowes/theyr spouses to bewayle
Whiche bryngeth with it/all kynde of mysery
As theft/and murdre/grete deth/and penury
Forsoth in cytees/this furour fyrste began
To the confusyon/of many a doughty man
The cyte is well/and grounde orygynall
Bothe fyrst and last/of dedely ylles all
Bredde in the cyte/was cruell Lycaon
Bredde amonge herbes/was good Dewcalyon
Amonge shepeherdes/norysshed was Rennus
And also his brother/the myghty Romulus
The cause of the flode/in Cyte fyrste began
Wherby was wasted/nere euery best and man
Our lorde dsteroyed.v.Cytes for outrage
Rede where for synnes/he wasted one vyllage
I trowe whan the worlde/with fyre shall wasted be
The cause shall procede/and come of some cyte
What shall I touche the sauour and the stynke
Whiche is in cytes/of gutter and of synke
There men be choked/with vyle and deedly sent
Here haue we odour/of floures redolent
I count me happy/whiche won in the vyllage
As vndefyled/with Cytezyns outrage.

¶ Amyntas.

Haue done now Faustus/laye there a strawe and rest
Fyll we our bely/with cruddes that is best
Leue we the cyte/and all Cyuyle outrage
Now it is season/to torne to the potage

After our dyner/is best as in my mynde
The rest to declare/y fought remayne behynde.
¶ Finis.

¶ Here endeth the. v. Eglog of Alexandre Barclay of the Cytezyn/and vplondysshman/Inprynted at London in flete strete/at the sygne of sonne/by Wynkyn de worde.

NB. These 5 eclogues were printed uniformly at the end of Jn. Lawrence's edition [illegible] 1570. Fol. 0
See Wh. p. 975.